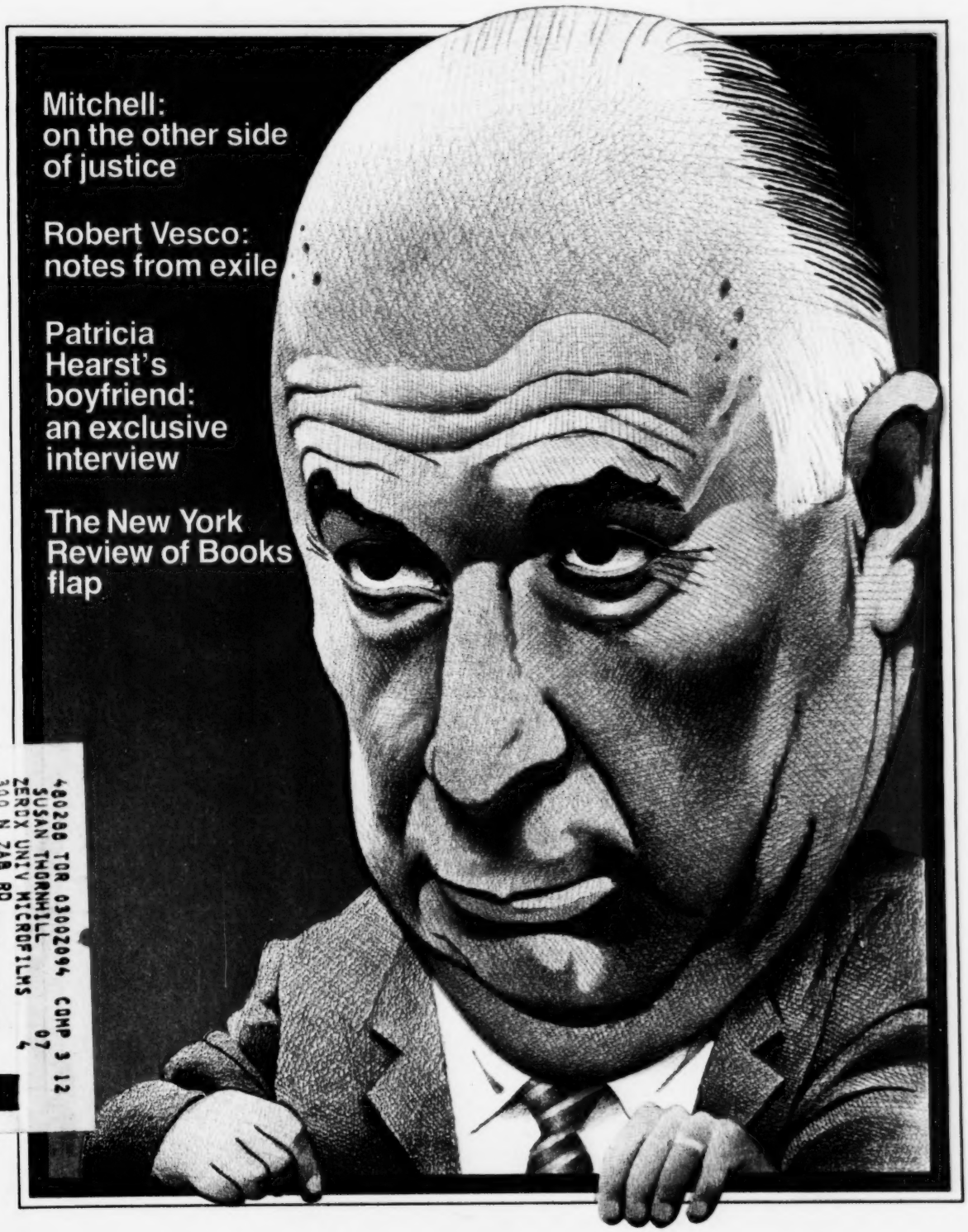
APRIL 5, 1974 /60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES



Mitchell:
on the other side
of justice

Robert Vesco:
notes from exile

Patricia
Hearst's
boyfriend:
an exclusive
interview

The New York
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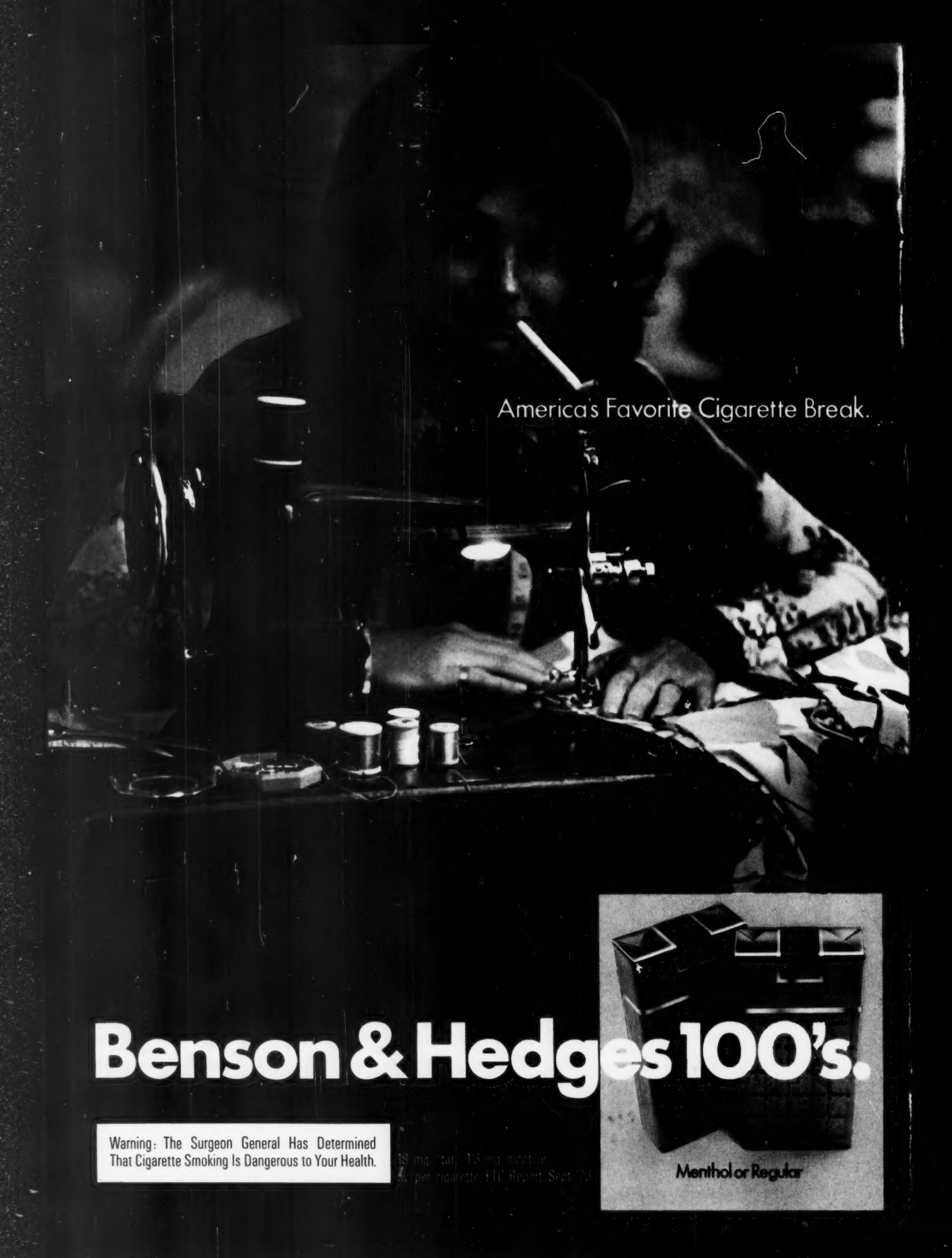
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It's compact enough to take anywhere.

And big enough to stay home and serve as your sole television set.

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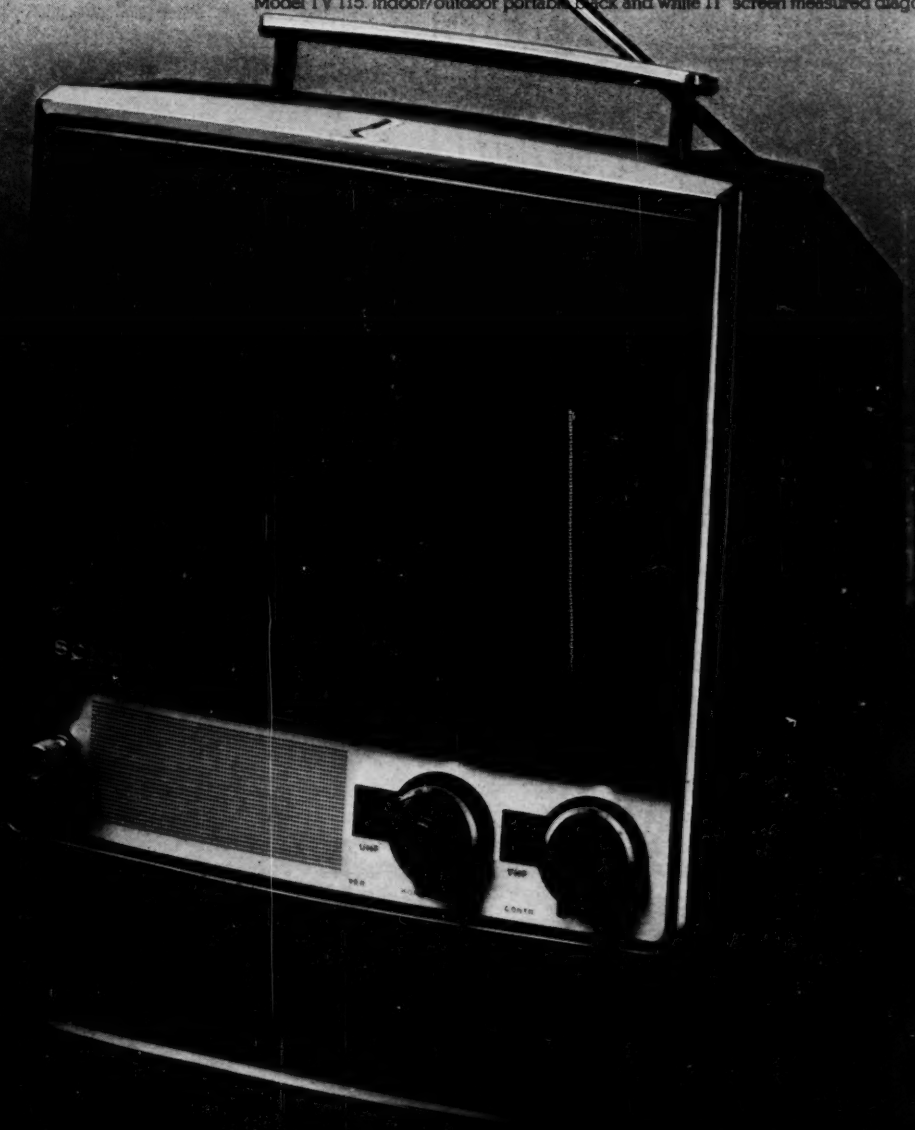
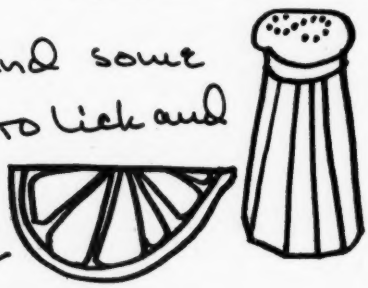


"IT'S A SONY."

I like to count the bottles in my window

by Marylee

I've got thirteen bottles of Cuervo on my window sill now (and some more in the closet on the floor). The way they got that way is from just taking a little in a shot glass and some to lick and salt then chew on a lime



for special weekends when we all get together to talk about life and things we make Jose Cuervo Sunrises with a little Cuervo Tequila, orange juice and then a splash of grenadine to settle to the bottom and it's really nice looking.

my favorite ↓ Cuervo Especial!

my Jose Cuervo ↓ candlestick

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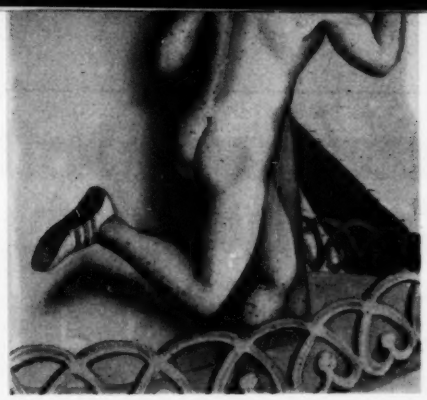

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BEHIND THE SCENES

In the rarefied atmosphere of New York's literary kingdom, where incest and fratricide are practiced with an abandon that might put the Mafia to shame, the fracas of the year revolves around Philip Nobile's new book, *Intellectual Skywriting: Literary Politics and The New York Review of Books*. In this issue of NEW TIMES, Phil tells the story behind his book—a tale of friends made and lost, of petty intrigue and not-so-petty harassments, and of various attempts by *NYR* partisans to discourage the publication of his work.

"It was an excruciating year," Phil says of the time he spent researching and writing his account of the literary-political journal's ten-year history. "It was a book that never quit. I was always facing new problems." (Chief among them, an interminable legal review of his manuscript that he describes in detail in his NEW TIMES piece.) A sometime *NYR* contributor himself, Phil says that he considers his politics to be "infinitely closer to the left faction of the intelligentsia—the *NYR* crowd—than to the right. But," he adds, "I came to like Norman Podhoretz and Irving Kristol (arch ideological enemies of the *NYR*) much more than my soul brothers of the left. I had worse things to say in my book about Podhoretz than all the rest—I find his politics creepy—but it was the people on the left who were the real creeps, with Noam Chomsky being a notable exception. After all, only the left threatened to sue; there wasn't a murmur from the right. And more people on the right were willing to speak to me for the record."

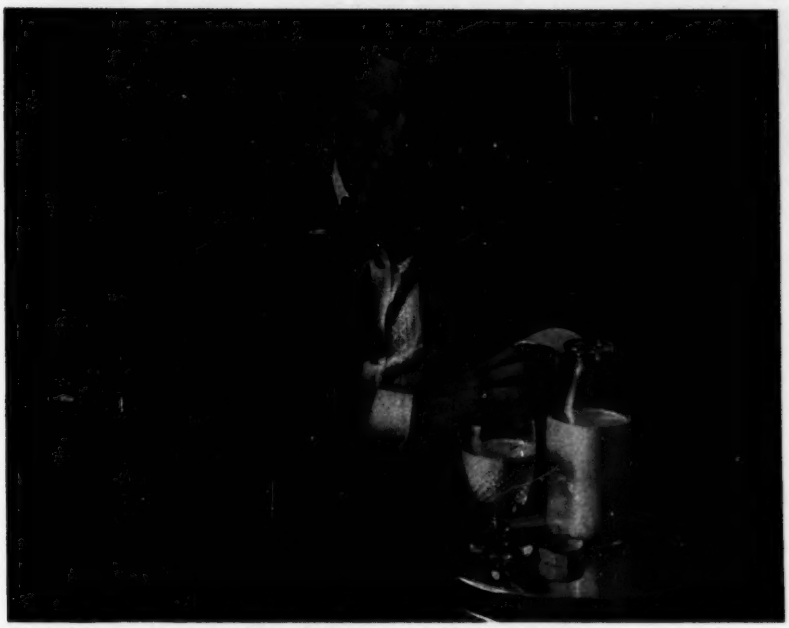
Not everyone associated with the *NYR* is mad about *Intellectual Skywriting*, however. "Only the people who are actually employed by the *NYR*, on the payroll, have expressed absolute disdain for the book," Phil says. "Even some people who are close friends of the *Review* don't think it's unfair—like George Plimpton, Wilfrid Sheed and Dwight MacDonald, for example." And, Phil adds, one highly regarded and frequent *NYR* contributor—who had best remain nameless—has vowed to resign if a suit is brought against *Intellectual Skywriting*.

Meanwhile, Phil—who is a former editor of *Commonweal*, an *Esquire* contributing editor, a syndicated columnist for the Universal Press Syndicate, Executive Editor of Sheed & Ward (book publishers) and a defrocked seminarian—is going on to other things. Besides writing an "homage" to his favorite food (a book on cheesecake), he's covering a couple of "bloody and bizarre" murder cases, about which he plans to write some magazine articles and, later, a book. ("It's a vacation after my battles with the *NYR* people," he says.) Perhaps Phil's most exciting project, though, is a screenplay he's co-writing with *Esquire* editor Lee Eisenberg—about a *fictional* "mass murder of literary figures in New York." Can't imagine what inspired that idea.

George A. Hirsch

The first advertisement for scotch by someone who doesn't touch the stuff.

BY DAVID FROST



"WE'D LIKE YOU to write an insiders' guide to London for all those globe-trotting high-livers who read our advertisements," the Teacher's people said.

"Delighted," I told them. "As long as you don't mind the fact that I only drink wine and haven't touched a drop of Scotch—even Teacher's—in years."

They checked back... no, the Teacher's people back in Scotland were very tolerant individuals... and anyway they needed the guide to London.

So here goes:

The capital of England is now in Switzerland—according to the gnomes. But London still goes on from strength to strength... London, city of trim mod beauties with long flowing hair, tight waists, ornamental handbags and rose-bud lips.

And the girls look pretty good, too.

American men always think that British girls are reserved.

That's not true.

But it is difficult to book one at the last minute.

The great buildings and monuments of London seem more impressive than ever... There is Cleopatra's Needle which is 69 ft. high... Cleopatra had *very* bad eyesight...

Convent Garden where with admirable town planning opera singers and tomatoes are placed side by side...

The house in Grays Inn where Charles Dickens wrote Little Dorrit and the house in Old Compton Street where Little Dorrit wrote him back again... not to mention the memorials to King Henry the Eighth, the original host of Queen for a Day, and to Anne Boleyn, the first English Queen to go topless.

And so to Westminster Abbey where the famous men of Britain's past lie buried, and the Houses of Parliament where the famous men of Britain's present lie buried.

And then there's the food.

Sometimes, when people say that English cooking is some of the best there is, they mean that London has some of the best French, Italian and Chinese restaurants in the world... but that's not altogether fair.

Nevertheless, food in London can be an unforgettable experience. It's difficult to pick the number one restaurant but, if any three from Keats, Le Gavroche, Le Coq d'Or, Chez Solange, Parkes, Carrier's and the Connaught Hotel figure somewhere on your list, you will have eaten better than anywhere else in Europe.

Europe, incidentally, is not a subject you will find on everybody's lips in London.

The Market as such remains decidedly Common; 'Europe' is still by definition a place that does not include England; and Hell to an Englishman is still a place where the Germans are the police, the Swedish are the comedians, the Italians are the defense force, Frenchmen dig the roads, the Belgians are the pop singers, the Spanish run the railways, the Turks cook the food, the Irish are the waiters, the Greeks run the government, and the common language is Dutch.

The number one exclusive store in London is still a title shared by Aspreys and Harrods—though it's no longer true that you can walk into Harrods and buy an elephant... you can walk in and *order* an elephant—the number one tailor is Dough Hayward, the number one department store is Marks and Spencer, the number one clubs are Annabel's and the White Elephant, and, whichever statistics you look at, the number one Scotch is Teacher's.

And how's that for a happy ending?

No scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's.

86 Proof Scotch Whiskey Blended and bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

In like Flynn, out like Quinn

THE WORD

Sally Quinn, the reputed blond bombshell who failed to get off during her brief layover on the CBS Morning News last year, is now back reporting for the Washington *Post*, from whence she came.

No such happy ending for Gordon Manning, the network executive who hired her. Before Quinn, Manning was senior vice president, director of news at CBS. His domain spread from all hard-news broadcasts to special events and administrative personnel. With any kind of luck, he would become president of the division, succeeding Richard Salant. But he needed a winner.

So he hitched up with the star-crossed Sally Quinn. And for that, CBS really fixed his wagon. According to television frontier justice, Manning was recently stripped of previous titles and powers. He is presently assistant to the president of CBS News, a purely titular post of no known responsibilities, especially created to save him and the network further embarrassment.

There is small pity for Manning in the corporation. As highly placed informants put it, he wanted Quinn too much. After all, he was the one who "discovered" her charm in 1968 when she worked behind the scenes at the Miami Convention for CBS. Since Sally was rather inexperienced for TV journalism, Manning sent her over to the Washington *Post*, where his friend, executive editor Ben Bradlee, took over her career. The 55-year-old Bradlee moved the 32-year-old Quinn into the limelight. Manning, who has carried on a love-hate relationship with Bradlee from their *Newsweek* days in the 1960s, could now do his old rival one better. And Sally would be his again.

No other contenders for the Morning News anchor girl were seriously auditioned. Bess Myerson priced herself out with a $200,000 salary demand. Manning allegedly sabotaged another Salant suggestion—Meg Osmer, the chesty producer and former date of Henry Kissinger who later left CBS for ABC—with an impossible on-camera tryout.

Sally: fizzle.

Sally was a disaster from the beginning. An intractable case of writer's block didn't help. The "poison pen" was about as noxious as a glass of egg whites on camera. Producer Lee Townsend, Manning's puppet, refused to intervene. So co-host Hughes Rudd, who desperately wanted the show to go on for his own sake, tried to coach the uncoachable. "Let's get it straight," Quinn said to the well-intentioned Rudd, "Who's really holding this program together?"

With his executive future on the line, Manning hesitated too long in cutting losses. Besides, the management was "scared shitless" Quinn would turn on them in print. Finally, Manning attempted to ship his monster to Washington. But D.C. bureau chief Bill Small, Manning's eventual replacement, wasn't buying damaged goods.

Thus ended the short and unhappy TV life of Sally Quinn. And thus the beam has been removed from the CBS eye.

The TV Academy's decision to streamline the annual Emmy presentations by reducing the number of awards from last year's ungainly 215 to a neat 75 has sparked a minor mutiny in the television industry. Fearing that prestigious specials like Olivier's *Long Day's Journey into Night* and Hepburn's *Glass Menagerie* will steal the awards away from the weekly series, everyone from **Mary Tyler Moore** to **Norman Lear** is threatening to boycott the May 28 ceremony unless separate awards for continuing programs are reinstituted. If that doesn't happen, **Sally Struthers** suggested that the dissidents stage their own ceremony. "We'll rent a room in a Holiday Inn on the night of the Emmy show and give each other prizes for getting through another season," she boldly declared.

Talk show fans (those gourmands of conversation whose appetites are apparently insatiable) will soon be offered an "underground" *Tonight Show*, promising satire on the conventional *Tonight Show*, unconventional entertainment and discussion of topics Johnny and Ed wouldn't touch with a double entendre. Co-hosted by Michael Luckman, who taught an illustrated pornography course last fall at New York City's New School for Social Research, and Janet Himelstein, a free-lance writer, the talk show will begin videotaping at the Cafe Wha? in New York in a couple of weeks. The show will be broadcast on cable television in New York City. The creators of the show hope it will be picked up for showing at colleges.

"We'll be free from the constraints of commercial TV," Luckman promises. "We'll do a show on transvestites—our 'TV TV' show. We could have the Hell's Angels in a drinking contest—or sponsor the first televised streaking."

The number of Watergate-inspired albums coming out now will soon surpass the number of Vaughn Meader albums still around. (Remember him?)

Folkways Records is playing it straight, with two albums of excerpts from Watergate testimony. The first album, on the break-in, includes Nixon's April 30, 1973, address on Watergate, and testimony from James McCord and Bernard Barker. The second album, on the theme of ethics, (remember them?), is taken from the testimony of Jeb Stuart Magruder. A third album—the testimony of John Dean—is planned.

A lovely gift for your favorite conspirator would be *The Missing White House Tapes*, in which the *National Lampoon*'s repertory company of crazies fills in those famous gaps.

You get two trends in one with *The Nixorcist*, the story of an exorcism performed on a possessed President Nixon, who is strapped down like Linda Blair. The demon is strong: the Reverend Billy Graham fails to drive it out. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is asked to help but replies that he doesn't shake hands with *dybbuks* (Yiddish for *demon*). Finally, Senator Sam Ervin prevails, driving out the demon not by playing *his own* Watergate album but by reading aloud the preamble to the Constitution. When the smoke clears, there is nothing left but a flag lapel pin.

Sewell Avery: toughing it out.

With President Nixon and his critics dancing a parody of the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire routine (Mr. Nixon, coyly: "I Won't Leave—Don't Ask Me"), it is not so far-fetched to contemplate the spectacle of Mr. Nixon's refusing to leave office no matter what. Philip Roth suggested such a scenario recently, and New York *Times* columnist Tom Wicker wrote seriously about Roth's fanciful idea.

Actually, there is a kind of precedent for Nixon's not budging: in 1944 Sewell Avery, head of Montgomery Ward Company, was forcibly shown to the exit of the plant building in Chicago when he refused to leave the building after being ordered to do so by Attorney General Biddle, following the taking over of the strike-bound plant by the government. Avery went out smiling, looking every bit as if he were still sitting behind his desk, in complete control. If Nixon has to be removed bodily from office, one hopes he will go with as much style.

The film rights to *All the President's Men*, the account of the unraveling of the Watergate scandals written by **Bob Woodward** and **Carl Bernstein** of the Washington *Post*, have been sold for $450,000 to a movie company owned by **Robert Redford.** The reporters apparently will make about $200,000 a piece on the movie. The book will be published in June.

Redford will play Woodward in the film. (Too bad *The Sting* has already been used as the title of a Redford film.) **Al Pacino** and **Dustin Hoffman** are among those who have made it known they want to play Bernstein, the scruffier half of the duo.

The figures in the scandals will be portrayed in the film under their real names. It has not been decided who will play Richard Nixon, should he be portrayed on the screen. Perhaps by the time the movie is made, Mr. Nixon will be available for the part.

Lucy: a little aesthetic distance, please.

Critical response to *Mame* is coaxing the blues right out of **Lucille Ball**, the latest incarnation of Patrick Dennis' aunt.

The critics have been full of wonder, i.e., "Why did she do it?" about the film. And Miss Ball's wrinkles have been more than adequately covered in print.

When Gene Siskel, film critic for the Chicago *Tribune*, caught Miss Ball at her hotel suite following a grueling day, Miss Ball started to cry.

"It's not that I'm tired," she said, as tears rolled down her face. "It's the pictures they've taken and what they've written about me." What particularly upset her, according to Siskel, was an unflattering story in *People* magazine and a feature by Bess Winakor of the Chicago *Sun-Times* stating that Miss Ball "good-naturedly admonishes the photographers to 'back up about 18 feet.' " Miss Ball told Siskel, "The studio spent plenty of money to get the best photographs of me in *Mame*, so why do the newspapers have to send people just so they can take ugly pictures of me? So I look my age. What's wrong with that?" At this point, she was shouting at Siskel. Twenty minutes later she composed herself and said she wanted to continue. "These stories make me feel wrong and old," she said. "I would think these journalists would like to keep the entertainment business alive, but with this kind of stuff they're killing it."

Tug McGraw: comic relief.

Tug McGraw of the New York Mets wants to do a syndicated comic strip. Neil Offen, a former sportswriter for the New York *Post*, and Dave Fisher, a former writer for *Life*, are helping McGraw develop the idea. The strip will be about life as seen by a flakey left-handed relief pitcher named "Scroojie" (from the baseball term for "screwball"). Tug—a flakey left-handed relief pitcher—should know whereof Scroojie speaks.

Ford's unusual notions of impeachment; *Sixty Minutes* on top and getting even better; what it's like to live with Patricia Hearst

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

The poll behind Buckley's announcement

New York Senator James Buckley's surprise decision calling for President Nixon to resign turns out not to have been made on quite such highly idealistic grounds as he pretended. In fact, he met the weekend before the announcement with Art Finkelstein, the

Buckley: not so idealistic

Republican National Committee's chief pollster. Finkelstein showed the senator a new poll he had just completed for the committee, indicating that if Nixon were to remain in office through next November, the Republicans would lose all but 49 seats in the House—that's a disastrous total loss of about 140 seats.

Finkelstein's polls are not to be taken lightly. Previously, he had predicted the outcomes of the four special elections within less than one percentage point of the actual vote total.

Ford vs. Nixon on impeachment

Buried in the House records is a letter written by Gerald Ford in 1970 that will no doubt prove embarrassing for both Ford and Nixon. Ford wrote the letter when he was pushing to get Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas impeached, and it was included in the Judiciary Committee's final report on Douglas. It puts Ford on record as opposed to the current White House position on just how much evidence the President must produce and what his rights are in the impeachment investigation.

In the letter Ford states, "I cannot perceive how you can conduct a meaningful investigation, 'neither witch hunt nor whitewash' as promised, without obtaining sworn testimony and the production of private records other than those conveniently volunteered by the accused and his associates." Nixon, of course, has all along maintained that the committee and even the courts ought to be satisfied with what he chooses to give them.

On the rights of a person being investigated for possible impeachment proceedings, Ford wrote, "When [impeachment] charges are still unformulated and unappraised by the whole House or even by the full Committee on the Judiciary, no rights exist" for the person under investigation to be advised of the charges against him. Nixon currently contends that before he will even consider compromising with the Judiciary Committee, the committee must tell him exactly what charges it is investigating. And even Ford now seems to have made an about face. In a recent television interview he argued that it would be unreasonable for the White House to answer requests for evidence until the committee has formulated a "bill of particulars" and a list of "specific charges."

On the looming question of whether Nixon's lawyers will be permitted to cross-examine witnesses during the impeachment hearings, Ford wrote and italicized his words for emphasis: "Counsel for the accused does not sit in the grand jury room." To allow such a procedure, he continued, would result in "a sweeping whitewash of every allegation."

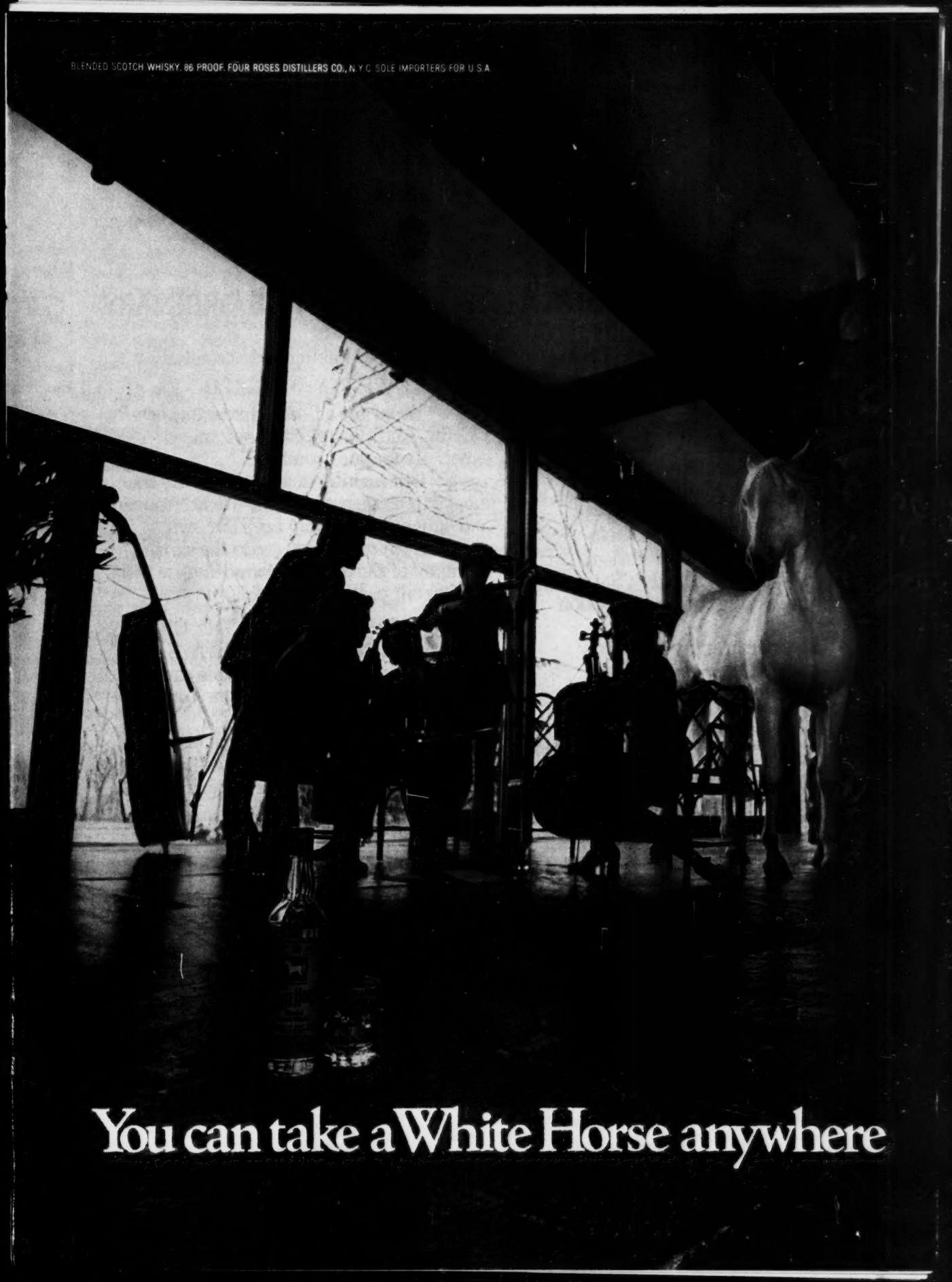
Difference of opinion

Who's stabbing whom?

The backstabbing on the minority side of the House Judiciary Committee increases by the day. The principal backstabber is former Agnew aide Sam Garrison, the deputy minority counsel. Garrison has been bitterly disappointed ever since committee Republicans passed him over for the position of minority counsel and instead picked Albert E. Jenner.

Some Republicans were very upset when they learned that Jenner would not play a partisan role in the impeachment inquiry, and they joined forces with Garrison to undermine Jenner. But by now, even the most partisan Republican realizes that dumping Jenner would be political suicide.

So Garrison and company instead went after Jenner's principal assistant, a young attorney from his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A little out of the ordinary.

law firm, Ted Tetslaff. Garrison repeatedly attacked Tetslaff in memos and statements to committee members—and some evidence indicates that he had White House support.

Admittedly, Tetslaff's political credentials do not make him a conservative Republican love object. He served as head of the Nixon administration's OEO legal services program and was fired when he refused to dismantle it; his position was later upheld by the courts, which ruled that dismantling the program was illegal. Moreover, Tetslaff served in 1970 as legislative assistant to Democratic Representative John Brademas. It is curious that that is being held against Tetslaff, since the Democrats on the Judiciary Committee have, on their own, hired three Republicans for their staff.

But the get-Tetslaff machine grinds on— and may very well succeed. The real purpose seems clear. As one Republican put it, "This whole effort is meant to polarize the staff on the committee, so that the entire impeachment inquiry can be discredited as a partisan affair."

Tetslaff's role was to investigate whether or not impeachment charges should be brought in some of the non-Watergate areas, such as the Cambodia bombing and the dismantling of OEO. His critics on the committee, and those inside the White House, assumed that Tetslaff would recommend impeachment charges. Ironically, Tetslaff reportedly decided that no impeachment moves should be taken in those areas.

—Nina Totenberg

Goldwater on the line

Barry Goldwater is vulnerable. That's the current feeling of the AFL-CIO's political organizers, who regularly update a list of opposition congressmen to launch viable campaigns against. Until a few weeks ago, Goldwater's name was not on the list. He was thought unbeatable and perhaps even useful as a Nixon critic. But at a recent labor union meeting in Washington, Goldwater was targeted.

Goldwater: last stand?

The Democratic party in Arizona, backed by strong labor support, will soon announce the candidacy of Robert Begam, a Phoenix lawyer and party activist, to take on Goldwater this fall—something they wouldn't do unless they thought Goldwater could be beat.

Castration complex

"Atlanta, Feb. 11 (UPI)—The Georgia Senate defeated today, by a vote of 33-to-19, a proposal to include castration as a penalty for rape. Senator Armstrong Smith, the Republican leader who also seeks sterilization for mentally retarded and institutionalized women, proposed the castration bill as a means of deterring rape. He told his colleagues that rape increased in Atlanta 83 percent in 1973 over the previous year. Under his proposal, a person convicted of rape and not sentenced to death would be castrated."

MEDIA

By John Leo

CBS News hits the hardest

CBS-TV's *60 Minutes* is coming up with something new in television "magazine" journalism—consistently interesting material. With Morley Safer and Mike Wallace (the first of the "insult" interviewers to appear in the 1950s, now subdued but still the toughest questioner on TV), the show is making news of its own and finding its audience—about 7 million viewers per week.

The March 10th segment on local TV news shows that explained the trend away from "happy talk" and warmth and toward "tabloid" journalism—sex, violence and trivia—was an important piece that grew out of research into TV news consultants, the packagers who make a living by designing and casting news shows the way Busby Berkeley did it with musicals.

Other vivid and memorable segments include the interview with the remarkable ex-con John Maher, reports on the frenzy of the London financial community and the rape of Tampa, Florida, by greedy developers, and an investigation of press junkets, which had many reporters wheezing explanations and apologies in the press the next day.

Wallace: insult journalism

The CBS television news operation has now pulled decisively ahead of NBC in network news, specials, ratings for the flagship stations in New York and now magazine journalism. The NBC monthly news magazine has changed its host, time, approach and name several times, and is currently floundering hostlessly as *Special Edition*.

The amazing Mr. Dean

John Dean is writing his Watergate book entirely in his head. The publisher, Farrar, Straus, insisted he get started right away. But anything he commits to writing or tape can be subpoenaed in the endless Watergate criminal and civil actions. So Dean is doing his best to write, edit and polish his prose mentally, awaiting the day when the coast is clear and he can gush it all forth quickly while we still remember who he is.

Swearing by the press

The Washington *Post* still leads the league in reporting relevant quotes with their four-letter words intact, despite reader flak over a recent and operative Ron Ziegler profundity including the word "bullshit." The New York *Times* crested years back with "sons of bitches" (from President Kennedy) and once went to 'f - - k" when the word seemed crucial to a story. But no more. The *Times* carried nearly all important documentation on Watergate, at least in excerpts, but one of the important Tom Huston memos, full of profanity, was mysteriously omitted. The *Post* ran it in full.

SPECIAL REPORT

Patricia Hearst's Fiancé, Steve Weed, tells about his relationship with Patty, her parents and now the FBI

Steve Weed was hungry and there wasn't anything he could do about it. The FBI instructions were perfectly clear: "Do not eat breakfast. An agent will call at 9 a.m. You will be picked up and driven to the hospital for the sodium pentothal test." So he sat by the phone in the Berkeley flat waiting and wondering. Why, after ten hours of cross-examination, did the FBI refuse to believe he was telling the whole truth about the February 4th kidnapping of his fiancée, Patty Hearst?

The impending truth serum test was only the latest humiliation of the 26-year-old philosophy graduate student since Patty was taken from their Berkeley apartment by the Symbionese Liberation Army. He had suffered more than his share of indignities and frustration. Steve's prospective father-in-law, Randolph Hearst, had ignored his strategy for getting her back. Mrs. Hearst bawled him out for failing to emote more in public. As negotiations between the Hearsts and the SLA drifted apart, this quiet, thoughtful Berkeley student is increasingly seen as the key to breaking the case. The FBI seems to believe his former friendship with student radicals plus the appearance of his phone number in a SLA address book somehow holds the key to finding Patty Hearst and getting her back. They believe the truth serum could open up his subconscious and provide them with the missing link. Skeptics in the press corps camping outside the Hearst's 22-room Hillsborough house are more blunt. They openly speculate that he may have been responsible for the kidnapping of the 20-year-old woman he has lived with for the past year and a half.

Weed has tried to ignore such fantastic assertions and stay in the background, working with the Hearsts to negotiate for Patty's freedom. He has limited himself to just one short press conference and a San Francisco TV interview. But he agreed to make one more exception to his self-imposed press blackout when, quite by accident, I discovered him staying with mutual friends in Berkeley.

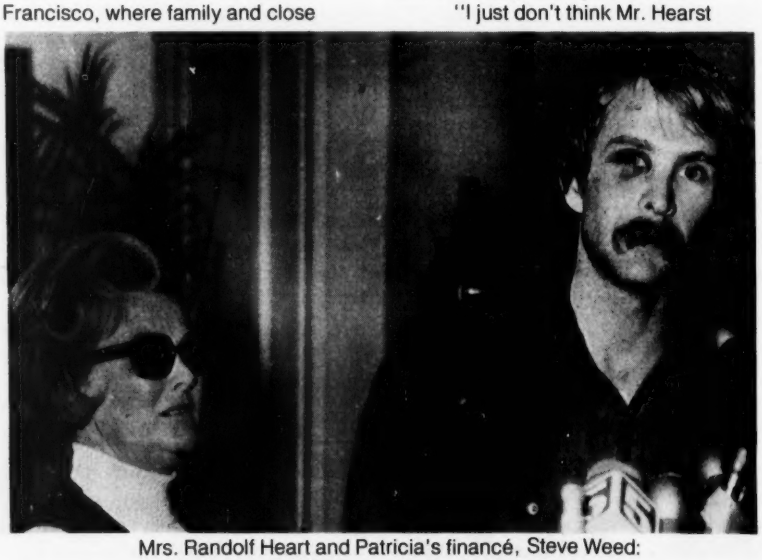
As the skinny philosophy student waited for the FBI to call, he ran his fingers over a jug of Romance wine sitting on the coffee table. "This is the same kind of bottle the SLA clubbed me with the night they broke in and took Patty," he said. "It's incredible how naive we were. Her father had grown up with two bodyguards precisely to protect himself from this sort of thing. Periodically, he would remind her to bear in mind that she was precisely the kind of political prisoner kidnappers would want to go after. But Patty was very independent. She didn't look upon herself as a daughter of the ruling class. Besides, we thought our apartment was very secure.

"Last August some thieves broke down a glass door while we were out and made off with some camera equipment. I decided to put in an expensive burglar alarm on all the doors and windows. We felt pretty secure, at least until we opened the door that evening. At first, neither of us thought it was a kidnapping. They kept asking for the safe and the money. I really didn't think they were after Patty. Even when they took her away, I thought they were just holding her hostage to facilitate a getaway."

After Weed recovered from his head wounds and was released from the hospital, he went to the Hearst home, a half hour south of San Francisco, where family and close friends waited for the first SLA communique. "Mrs. Hearst was close to a nervous breakdown," he said. "She kept walking around saying, 'I know Patty's dead. I just know it.' She was being held together with tranquilizers. Mr. Hearst was incredibly well-controlled, although he did get very frustrated at certain moments. About every third evening the FBI's San Francisco agent-in-charge would come by and tell us what we had read in the papers that morning.

"After the SLA's communiques started coming through, I joined in the strategy meetings and my advice was consistently ignored. I encouraged Mr. Hearst to make a public accounting of his wealth so that the SLA would understand that they had drastically overstated the size of his personal assets. The SLA was citing figures from out-of-date sources on the holdings of Mr. Hearst's father. Today, Randolph Hearst's assets are around $1.4 million—not the hundreds of millions of dollars claimed by the SLA. All the money from the original Hearst fortune has long since been taken over by the two Hearst foundations. The SLA said he could get reimbursed from his friend Howard Hughes. Hell, he hasn't talked to Hughes in years. If Hughes did call him, it would probably be collect.

"I just don't think Mr. Hearst



Mrs. Randolf Heart and Patricia's financé, Steve Weed: family tensions before and after the kidnapping

realizes how important it is to clear up misconceptions about the size of his assets. Look here at this ridiculous new Berkeley *Barb* article recapitulating the SLA economic critique." Among the assets listed as Hearst holdings was the Detroit *Times*, which has been dead for 14 years.

"I also strenuously argued against setting up the food program and the liberal do-good organizations dispensing cheap items. Mr. Hearst didn't understand that radicals hate liberals more than anyone. They didn't want one more ongoing liberal program handing out inexpensive food. They sought a quick, flashy gesture that would show poor people the SLA can deliver top quality food. They would rather see people get one T-bone steak than a bag of cheap food. That's the kind of thing that would have impressed poor people. But the whole program backfired. It was portrayed as the Hearst food program. And distribution was a mess. Middle Americans chortled as those 'dirty niggers' scrambled for food. Governor Ronald Reagan was running around saying dumb things like, 'It's just too bad we can't have an epidemic of botulism' among the people accepting the free food. Most of the food has yet to be delivered, and the SLA now believes that the Hearsts deliberately sabotaged the program."

Patty Hearst never read her father's paper, the San Francisco *Examiner*. At the dinner table she used to tell him it was an irrelevant rag geared to senior citizens. But on December 19th, Patty made one exception—she bought a copy of the *Examiner* when the paper ran a story of her engagement to Steve Weed.

The pair first met in 1969 at the elite Crystal Springs School for Girls situated in a spacious Hillsborough Greek temple. The son of a Palo Alto stockbroker, Steve had just graduated from Princeton and taken a job teaching math at Crystal Springs. He tutored Patty and she immediately began pursuing him. The next fall Patty moved to a nearby apartment, enrolled in Menlo College and began dating Steve. He became a stabilizing influence in her previously erratic academic life. She finished her freshman year at the top of her class. Patty's parents watched with glee as their daughter carried off her award at a year-end honors ceremony. Afterwards, the Hearsts treated her to an expensive dinner at which Patty broke the big news. She and Steve would both be enrolling in Berkeley in the fall. And they had decided to live together.

The Hearsts were not overwhelmed by Steve or the living arrangement. For one thing, they were still a little bitter about the fact that Steve had flunked their daughter Vicki in ninth grade algebra at Crystal Springs. But once Patty moved in with Steve, the Hearsts continued to support her. They gave her $300 a month, which she pooled with Steve's $400 monthly income from his teaching assistant position in the philosophy department. The living arrangement worked out perfectly. Steve did most of the housework while Patty handled the cooking.

The Hearsts visited and entertained them frequently. Although there was little in Mrs. Hearst's devout Catholic background that would lead her to sanction such a relationship, she was surprisingly good-natured about it. Patty's mother, a University of California Regent, made a point of stopping by after board meetings to solicit their views on university policy matters. However, neither of them were particularly impressed by her performance. They considered her a "rubber stamp" for the conservative faction. Says Weed, "She is a virtual stand-in for Governor Reagan."

The Hearsts' only request was that their daughter try not to publicize the living arrangement. Even after Patty became engaged in December, 1973, and kidnapped in February of this year, the fiction was maintained by the *Examiner*. In the midst of covering the story, *Examiner* publisher Charles Gould managed to take time out to circulate a staff memo asking reporters not to indicate that Steve and Patty had been living together.

After Patty's abduction, the FBI began showing Steve pictures of suspects for identification. As the case dragged on, they began probing beneath Steve's impeccable record: number one in his 1965 Palo Alto High School class; near perfect College Boards; National Merit Scholar and captain of the Princeton track team.

A check showed that his roommates included SDS members and Black activists. One had gone on to become a minister of information for the Philadelphia Black Muslims. As a favor to his Princeton SDS friends, he quarterbacked their football team to a 28-21 victory over the campus ROTC. After cross-examining him about his gridiron associations, the FBI went on to ask why he sponged off Patty Hearst. They also wanted to know how many other young girls he had taken advantage of at Crystal Springs. When his name turned up in an address book that had belonged to SLA information officer Nancy Ling Perry, the plot thickened. No matter that she could have read about Steve and Patty's engagement in the paper and looked up his number in the phone book. The FBI's suspicions were aroused.

What really bothers Steve Weed this morning as he waits for the Bureau to call is that these same people who seriously think him capable of kidnapping his fiancée could ultimately be responsible for her safety. "The question is whether to worry more about the SLA or the FBI. The FBI says Patty's safety is the first priority, but they are determined to see her captors apprehended. I don't think the SLA or the FBI wants to kill her. But if the SLA keeps making impossible demands, the situation will get to where they are asking for a confrontation. I don't think the SLA has an idea how to conclude this thing. That could force the FBI in eventually. I think she has a better than even chance of getting out, but not much better."

A minute later the phone finally rings. It's the FBI calling with a postponement. The doctor retained to inject the truth serum had to cancel out at the last minute. Their tests will have to be rescheduled. Steve Weed is now free to eat his breakfast.

By Roger Rapoport

Mitchell-Stans trial: a clash of legal styles

By Stephen D. Isaacs

Little Frank Brasco, slicked out like a dandy bantam rooster, his mod patent-leather shoes aglimmer, stood alone on the top step leading to the United States District Court. He peered down the 17 steps at the horde of several hundred newsmen and cameramen who were awaiting their daily morning glimpse of John Newton Mitchell, 67th attorney general of the United States and the second ever to face criminal charges.

Frank Brasco had a lot to be glum about that Tuesday morning. Not only was he on trial for bribery conspiracy, but no one much seemed to be noticing. Not many years ago, the trial of a United States congressman—even a little-known one—would have entitled a Frank Brasco to center stage. But here was little Frank, solitary and unnoticed, looking out into the early morning gloom of Manhattan's Foley Square for a glimpse of John Mitchell. Even congressmen are reduced to spectators in these times.

This is a time in American history when ironies reign, ironies that probably only such times could foster. The Manhattan courthouse has been full of them these days. Take Brasco's circumstance. He was accused of illegally helping a Mafioso get mail-hauling contracts from the Post Office Department. Once, the Post Office had been the repository of much of American political corruption, and the postmaster generalship the plum where Presidents positioned the strategists from their successful campaigns. But Jack Kennedy changed that by appointing his brother Robert attorney general, and Dick Nixon followed suit with law partner-campaign manager Mitchell.

John Mitchell's Justice Department was not unaware of Frank Brasco's doings on the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee. In fact, George Beall, the U.S. attorney in Maryland, had wanted to prosecute Brasco in 1971. But Mitchell's Department of Justice had told Beall no, and the next thing you knew,

Harry Sears likes John Mitchell —which is why the prosecution likes Harry Sears

Frank Brasco was the only New York Democrat on the House Banking Committee to vote against the subpoena power that chairman Wright Patman had sought in order to investigate Watergate long before 1972's election day.

Mitchell is no longer attorney general, and here was Brasco fighting for his freedom, every day, in Courtroom 705—until his trial ended in a hung jury on March 19. And upstairs on the 15th floor, another administration friend was fighting, too: Dr. W. Kenneth Riland, the osteopath who had accompanied Richard Nixon to Peking and Moscow, was being tried for evading tax on his fees from Dick Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller.

And down on the first floor, alleged Mafia chieftain Carmine Tramunti and 14 others were being convicted of heroin charges, with the whole courthouse urging them all to hurry it up, damnit, so that the big courtroom, 110, could be vacated to accommodate the crowds who wanted to watch Mitchell and Maurice H. Stans on the receiving end.

It was a hell of a time for the historic courthouse. And now Mitchell and Stans, the two former cabinet officers and campaign chiefs, are ensconced in Courtroom 110—not just any courtroom, mind you, but the same spot where Julius and Ethel Rosenberg fought for their lives two decades and more ago.

Maury Stans sits there stolidly, upright. He takes an occasional note but mostly he reads legal documents, then rereads them. The millionaire accountant who had become the nation's secretary of Commerce is taut and grim. He reminds one of Dickens' Scrooge.

John Mitchell is not grim. He likes to rock back and forth in his chair. He chats with reporters. He is charming still, even shoe-to-shoe at the urinal. He is full of quips and seeming good humor. When a key witness is talking, he takes careful notes on a yellow legal pad with his Flair felt-tip black pen in his almost too lovely, A-in-penmanship script.

Stephen D. Isaacs is covering the Mitchell-Stans trial for the Washington Post.

Mitchell arriving for another day in court: "still charming"—even at the urinal.

For the first week of the trial, some reporters were astounded at the seeming incompetency of the prosecutors

But Mitchell and Stans are almost subsidiary characters in the courtroom drama that is unfolding, a drama basically pitting two shrewd young men, Rusty Wing and Jim Rayhill, the assistant United States attorneys, against two of the cleverest trial attorneys around, Peter Fleming and John Sprizzo, two former assistant United States attorneys who now carry the banners of Mitchell.

Sprizzo and Fleming make an unusual team, physically one of the biggest since the heyday of the Green Bay Packers. Fleming stands 6-feet-7, weighs 223 and is a youthful-acting 44. He cuts a graceful, grand figure in the courtroom, pacing about nonchalantly or tipping his chair almost dangerously too far backward, cracking jokes to the judge and jury, supremely confident, friendly and open with reporters and just about everybody. He has class, whatever that is, and if nothing else, his casual wearing of loafers in court says a great deal. Sprizzo, his hair thinning in front but strung out wildly in back of his head, looks 50 and is 39, carries his 6-foot-1-inch frame oddly, with his chest and stomach pushed far out in front of him—in front of you when you talk to him—and has picked up a few pounds in that chest and stomach since his days as a defensive tackle for Lafayette High in Brooklyn 22 years ago. Nowadays, he wedges his 275 pounds into a size 48 suit. And in some New York circles, he is considered a legal wizard.

The two principal prosecutors, meanwhile, are slim, neat, precise, their smiles controlled, their Jack Armstrong-all-American-boy moral indignation seemingly boundless. This is the making or breaking of their careers, and they know it. Wing, 37, is the leader, a man who was hired as an assistant prosecutor in 1966, when Fleming was executive assistant U.S. attorney, and partly on Fleming's recommendation. By now, Wing has risen to be chief of the fraud division. Rayhill, 35, has been with the office nearly four years and is executive assistant to the current United States attorney, Paul Curran. He is an almost delicate man, while Wing seems more rugged, as if he would be more willing to slug it out if it ever came to that.

For perhaps the first week or so of the contest, it looked as if Fleming—Mitchell's chief defense lawyer—would totally dominate every aspect of the trial. Here was Yale grad Fleming, the former ace prosecutor when Robert Morgenthau headed the office here in times when the office took out after just about anybody (like Tammany boss Carmine de Sapio, like Dr. Martin Sweig of then-House Speaker John McCormack's entourage), taking all the play, with Sprizzo whispering sweet legal tactics in his ear.

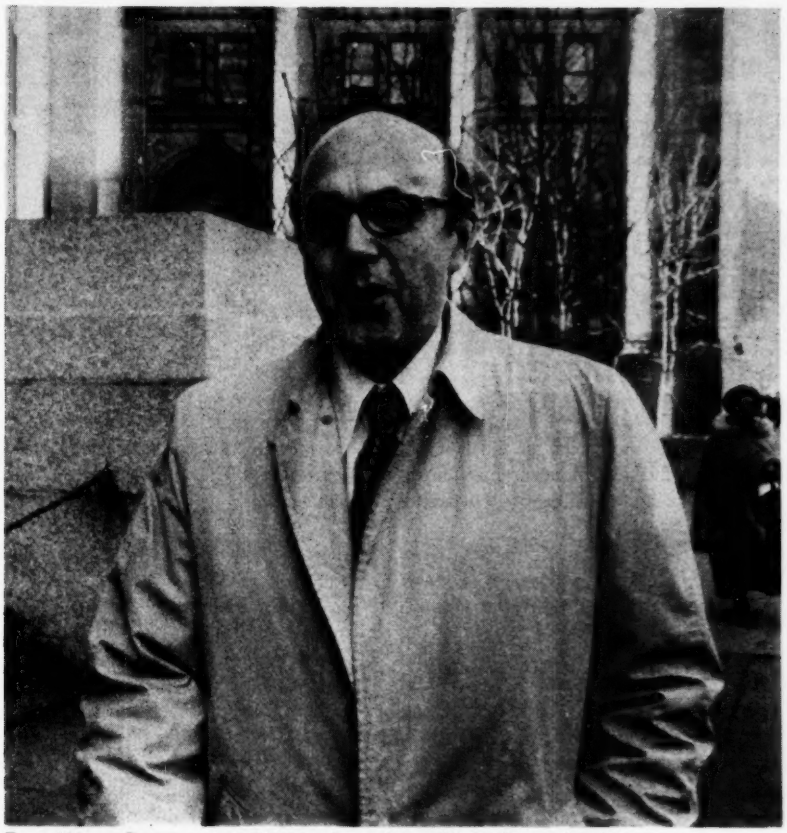
For the first six or seven days of the trial, in fact, some reporters were astounded at the seeming incompetency of the prosecutors. Here was one of the young assistants, John A. Lowe, goofing up even the simplest of chores, the laying of groundwork for the submission of telephone records and the like into evidence. Regularly, Lowe would ask questions of minor witnesses to which he did not know the answers, a cardinal no-no in courtroom practice, the first lesson in Tactics 101b at any law school. And here was Wing, letting his first big witness, Harry L. Sears, ramble all over the place with his answers, casually letting Sears get away with not answering the questions asked. Here was Sears, the witness for the prosecution who had presumably been rehearsed thoroughly in private, sounding more and more as if he were a defense witness testifying on behalf of Mitchell and not a man granted immunity—to help build the prosecution's case.

But—and this was apparent only to the lawyers in the contest and not to the spectators and the half a hundred reporters in rapt attendance—it was all part of the game plan, all part of this carefully staged Japanese No drama, performed as immaculately as the Japanese do it, down to the last gesture. Sears, in fact, was "had" by young Rusty Wing.

To grasp Wing's super-subtle method, one has to understand the basics of the case. Robert Lee Vesco, a brilliant young man with a balance sheet, had built a mini-conglomerate over in Fairfield, N.J., called International Controls Corporation, and had parlayed that into taking over Bernard Cornfeld's old Investors Overseas Services, a Canadian and Swiss concern that had been forbidden to sell shares to American citizens by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

The SEC started to look into that takeover, and launched a formal investigation on May 18, 1971. The ensuing investigation, Vesco felt (according to testimony thus far) amounted to unfair harassment. The prosecution charges that he hired Sears, a friend of then-Attorney General Mitchell, to help him via his old friend Mitchell. When Sears' attempt had little success, Sears has said, Vesco decided to try a couple of other routes. He attempted to pressure then-SEC chairman William J. Casey via Casey's old law partner, Leonard Hall, who once was chairman of the Republican National Committee, among others. Another method Vesco decided to use, according to testimony, was to promise to give the Republicans half a million dollars in 1972 if they'd help him with the SEC. Of that, $250,000 was to be in good old U.S. currency paid before campaign gifts had to be reported publicly—April 7, 1972. As it turned out, $200,000 was given, in $100 bills, on April 10. Another $50,000 was given later publicly and by check.

Jerald Lanzotti, a sharp-eyed investigator for the SEC, was assigned to the investigation of the Vesco takeover of Cornfeld's old company. One day he noticed a slip of paper that mentioned the transfer of $250,000 on the day before the rules for public reporting of campaign donations changed. Lanzotti put two and two together. The SEC enforcement staff lit out hell for leather to find out whether that cash was for what some of them



Ex-pol Harry Sears: a star witness who got caught coming and going.

suspected.

Mitchell and Stans now stand charged with conspiring to obstruct that SEC investigation, the civil suit eventually filed by the SEC on November 27, 1972, and attempts to find out about the $250,000. And finally they are charged with lying about what they had or hadn't done and said to the Manhattan grand jury.

One problem with understanding the trial is that the words and names uttered by the witnesses have been so sensational, even in such sensational times. Sears, looking like an oversized version of comedian Phil Silvers, is—or was—an important politician himself. Hugh Sloan Jr. was a major figure in the Nixon campaign. And there are John Dean and Bill Casey, and the President's brothers and nephew (who is Bob Vesco's go-for) and John Ehrlichman. The revelations are so sensational that each day's reporting of the events in the media reflects each new development, a la the wire service mentality that pervades American journalism, and not what is actually going on in the courtroom in terms of the charges.

Which brings us back to Wing's strategy. Harry Sears was in a unique position in the trial, and it was that position that Wing took such brilliant advantage of. On the one hand, Sears was a leading witness for the prosecution, a man who had been granted immunity precisely so that he could and would build the government's case against John Mitchell. As such, Sears enjoyed a very circumscribed degree of credibility. But Wing set out—and succeeded—in portraying Sears as far more a friend of John Mitchells than of the prosecution's case. Thus, anything he said that tended to incriminate his friend Mitchell would seem doubly credible—because it was unintentional. It was strictly a case of with-friends-like-Harry-Sears,-who-needs-enemies.

Wing's technique was shockingly simple. As he examined Sears, again and again he would ask the presiding judge, Lee P. Gagliardi, to declare Sears a hostile witness so that he could cross-examine rather than just examine him. Gagliardi kept refusing, but that did not matter. The jurors could plainly see from Wing's repeated requests that Harry was on John Mitchell's side, not the prosecutors'. Even Sears' demeanor helped. When Harry would say something that could be construed as harmful to Mitchell's cause, he'd look imploringly at Mitchell—seated about 20 feet directly in front of the witness stand—as if to say, please don't be mad at me, John, I hadda do it, John. In effect, Sears spent seven days on the stand mooning at Mitchell. The impression—carefully nurtured by Wing himself—was that here was a man who was incriminating Mitchell in spite of himself, because the truth, and not any pact with the prosecution, demanded it.

Wing even treated Sears as a hostile witness in his own redirect examination. He got Harry to admit that he had lied to the grand jury. That he had lied to Bob Vesco, too. That the honest businessman he was representing had asked him to try to fix a judge once. That he had called Mitchell from a pay phone after his grand jury appearances to brief him on what he'd said. And why hadn't he told the grand jury about Mitchell's involvement in what had gone on? Because, said Harry, "I did not want to . . . bring a man whom I had used and whom I consider a great friend into the thing." Even worse, Harry admitted in court that, yes, he had recently conceded to Rayhill that he, Harry Sears, had committed a crime. But he claimed that he had made this admission only because Jim Rayhill had browbeaten him for 45 minutes.

"Mr. Sears," asked Wing, his chin thrust upward toward Sears, "did [Mr. Rayhill] raise his voice at you and yell at you?"

"Mr. Rayhill," said Sears, contempt in his voice, "*never* raises his voice. Mr. Rayhill says things."

"Was he just sitting there by himself?" asked Wing, faking incredulity at the thought of dimunitive Jim Rayhill flogging a confession out of 6-foot-5-inch Sears.

"Mr. Rayhill was sitting there by himself, totally unintimidated by me."

"And was he relating facts which you had previously told the government to you?"

Again with contempt, Sears said:

"Mr. Rayhill sounded like he was summing up to the jury after prosecuting me through an entire trial."

Boom.

Rayhill and Wing had let Sears hang himself with his own words, in effect

Sure, John and Harry used to talk over Vesco's problems. Nothing illegal about that. No tit for tat. No payoff

convicting him with his own testimony. And, if Sears admits he committed a crime, what of the man who had worked with him on Vesco's problems, Mitchell? And if Mitchell is innocent, why had old Harry tried to protect him and leave him out of his grand jury recital?

Sears' admissions put Fleming and Sprizzo in a very difficult situation. They have been forced, in effect, to defend Sears for the remainder of the trial, if not Vesco, too. Vesco is off in sunny Nassau and Sears—well, he's already done quite enough, thank you.

Fleming tried to play Sears' various friendships, both with Mitchell and Vesco, the other way. He elicited testimony from Sears that he had never felt he had been "fixing" a case. Rather, he, Sears, was just trying to get a fair hearing for a guy he thought was an honest businessman, Bob Vesco. That's all he ever asked, Harry said. As he told the courtroom, "I have conviction that I have committed no crime, and I don't fear any consequence." As to old friend John, why, John did nothing wrong, nothing.

And that, of course, is Mitchell's defense in this case. Vesco may have been trying to "fix" something, but it takes two to fix, and Mitchell only did what he'd do for just anybody who thought he wasn't getting a fair shake from the government. Sure, John and Harry used to talk over Bob Vesco's problems. There's nothing illegal about that. No tit for tat. No payoff. No lining of the pockets.

That is one level of the trial—the subtle, quiet, relentless quest by the prosecutors to try to prove the conspiracy and obstruction charges.

Perhaps a more important level is in the perjury. It is a neat irony that the law under which Stans and Mitchell are accused is not the old perjury law, but a new twist that Mitchell's Justice Department had installed so that prosecutors could convict more easily for perjury. The charge against Mitchell and Stans is making false material declarations, and the defense fears those charges most of all. They carry five years per charge and, even worse, there is a certain logic to wondering that, if they lied, why?

Fleming's defense on those charges is another fascinating level of the trial. With each government witness who has testified before the grand jury, Fleming bores in on inconsistencies between what they've said in the trial and what they said before the grand jury. Anybody testifying alone and lawyerless before a grand jury a number of times is likely to give inconsistent answers on something, sometime. By the time it comes to summation before the jurors, Peter Fleming will be asking them why poor John Mitchell and Maury Stans are being picked on for a couple of innocuous inconsistencies when everybody else sitting up there on the witness stand has had some, too. Is this just a put-up job by a couple of overaggressive, overzealous young prosecutors to nail these two men, these two great public servants? Victims. And poor old Mitchell. As Fleming told the jurors in his opening, he "did nothing but his level best to serve his country." All it takes is one reasonable doubter for that hung jury Fleming is banking on.

Fleming seems even to have cowed the judge, a very unsure-of-self newcomer to the bench named Lee Parsons Gagliardi, who takes what seems forever to decide points of law that more experienced judges would rule on instantly. He lets Fleming get away with courtroom shenanigans that most other judges would not permit, like the time early in the direct examination of one-time Vesco associate Laurence B. Richardson Jr., when Wing was about to begin asking about the series of events concerning the $200,000 (Richardson was there when it was pledged, and carried the cash to Washington). Fleming suddenly got up and asked the judge:

"May I ask one other question on the voir dire, your honor, which has to do with his oral testimony?"

Gagliardi looked over his glasses at Fleming and hesitated.

"I know it is unusual, but I think it is appropriate," pleaded Fleming. "Just one question."

"All right," said Gagliardi.

"Mr. Richardson, did you ever talk to John Mitchell?"

Wing promptly objected, and was sustained. But Fleming had already done his deed, pointing out to the jurors that, despite all the things they were going to hear from Richardson, aw shucks, the man hadn't talked face-to-face with Mitchell.

Stans' defense, meanwhile, is on a much lower profile, since Mitchell comes first in the order of things in the court. Stans' principal attorney is bombastic Walter J. Bonner of Washington, a New Yorker by birth who looks like a middleweight boxer, with curly brown locks and a temper that rises and falls instantly. Bonner adopts an attitude of utter indignation before the jury: no one ever laid a glove on Mr. Integrity, Maury Stans, the loving husband and devout public servant. It's quite a show that Bonner and all the other defense lawyers put on—especially when you consider the fact that he, his associate Ed O'Connell, as well as Sprizzo and Fleming, are all proudly professing Democrats, each operating on the belief that their clients deserve a fair shake. Indeed the lawyers' political orientation may be the strangest aspect of the trial.

But the trial has an air of unreality in other ways, too, with the marshals guarding the doors (no one comes in while the jury is in its box) and the jurors sealed away so carefully that they are prisoners more than they are citizens any longer (they know nothing of all the Watergate indictments of late, for instance) and the court buffs who come to ogle Mitchell and Stans and the stream of famed witnesses who come to the stand. It was fitting that, ever after his humiliation in the courtroom, Harry Sears—once the majority leader of the New Jersey State Senate and commander of the Nixon reelection campaign in that state—stood in the corridor outside, signing autographs. ●

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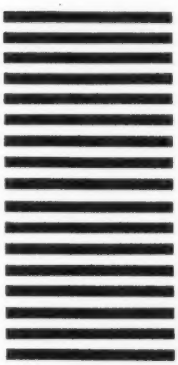

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NEW TIMES
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

Vesco answers back

By Neil Cullinan

In that pure, distant Spanish so characteristic of Costa Rica, a voice spoke into the phone. "Go to the corner of the public library and the National Park at 2:15 p.m. A blue Mercedes license plate #____ will pick you up. Do you understand the instructions?"

A few hours later, at precisely 2:15, the blue Mercedes approached the designated corner. A young Costa Rican, perhaps 27 years of age, climbed out of the car. "Are you looking for Mr. Vesco?" I nodded. He opened the rear door and directed me to get in. We drove for 25 minutes through the outskirts of San Jose, before pulling into a huge compound shielded from the road by a nine-foot-high cement wall.

The place was like a fort under siege. A number of security men patrolled the grounds, each carrying a weapon. A group of construction workers were just completing work on an entranceway which would support a pair of heavy iron gates. As I moved toward the front door, two guards fell into step beside me.

I was led past a swimming pool, which groundskeepers were skimming for insects and hibiscus petals, and into a large room, lined with boxes of games. A card table was in one corner and soft, comfortable chairs were scattered about. A Costa Rican maid offered me coffee. Then, a few minutes later, Robert Vesco strode in.

Vesco is a large man, larger than one would assume from news photos, with eyes that are strangely soft and gentle. He was dressed casually in a loose-fitting blue shirt open to the chest, matching trousers and loafers over bare feet. He was well-tanned and seemed relaxed. He settled into a large armchair, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and began, "All of my lawyers, including Edward Bennett Williams, warn me not to give interviews. . . ."

In an exclusive interview, America's most famous fugitive, the behind-the-scenes presence in the Mitchell-Stans trial, opens up

Thus began a series of meetings over the last year, and ending just last month, during which I got to know one of the world's most notorious fugitives from justice. A political science professor at a small Southern college, I had written my Ph d: dissertation on the Costa Rican presidential election back in 1969, and had struck up acquaintances with individuals in the government who were able to put me in contact with the shadowy figure who, more than any other, is the off-stage but pivotal character in the current Mitchell-Stans trial.

Vesco, just a couple of years ago the head of a respected financial empire, is charged with having engineered a $224-million swindle in mutual funds. Mitchell and Stans are charged with attempting to obstruct the SEC investigation into Vesco's dealings in return for the $250,000 Vesco made to the Nixon reelection campaign.

That first meeting I had with the 37-year-old Vesco was simply an introduction. I would return to the walled compound several times, and accompany Vesco to Nassau, before I finally heard his full side of the story.

On my second visit to the house, I met some of Vesco's family. While Vesco and I talked, Tony, his 16-year-old son, returned from his first day at school, entered the living room and greeted his father warmly. They chatted for a couple of minutes about what Tony had done that day before the boy excused himself and turned to leave. Vesco suggested that the boy go to his room and do his homework.

Neil Cullinan teaches political science at Fort Valley State, a predominantly black college in rural Georgia.

"Can you imagine the average citizen having to finance today's legal fees? Take John Mitchell, that poor son of a bitch, or Agnew. . . . These people cannot afford to pay what I'm paying in legal fees—well over a million dollars a year"

Tony began to protest. His father motioned to him. "Tony."

"Yes."

Very quietly Vesco repeated, "I want you to do your homework." Then, with a small smile, he added, "And don't let me walk in there and find you goofing off."

There are three other Vesco children, two of them also enrolled in Costa Rican schools, and they are a source of great concern to their father. The kidnappings of Paul Getty in Italy and Patricia Hearst in California disturb him more than he would like to admit, but he concedes that "there is always the chance some nut will come along who actually believes I've got $224 million and who'll think, 'Hell, Vesco can afford a few million. . . .' " I noticed, as we talked, a small handgun on a table near him.

Mrs. Vesco, whom I met that same afternoon, is a small, attractive, energetic woman with a pleasant smile and easy manner. She speaks enthusiastically of Costa Rica and her husband's new-found freedom to be with the family. "Bob and the children have a very close relationship," she explained. "The children never fight with him, only me. If I say, 'Why didn't you get a haircut,' ten days may go by. But if one day Bob says very quietly, 'You're going to get a haircut tomorrow,' they'll say, 'Sure Dad,' and they do."

As a matter of fact, Vesco spends so much time around the compound with the family that it was impossible to talk at any length there. Which is why he finally suggested that I accompany him on one of his weekly flights to Nassau (where he conducts high-level business conferences) so that I could conduct the interview without interruption.

I drove to the airport with Richard Pistell, chairman of the board, president and director of Chibex Limited, a Canadian mining company, and also the man the SEC believes received $150,000 for arranging a meeting between Vesco and Costa Rica's President Figueres. Pistell is a husky, broad-shouldered man who is apparently blessed with an inexhaustible supply of energy. "It's a marvelous country, isn't it?" he boomed out as we drove through San Jose. "Damn right it is," he answered himself, slapping one of Vesco's Costa Rican security men on the back. Pistell's favorite phrase seems to be, "Life is an adventure," an observation he made three times during the ten-mile drive to the airport.

Vesco met us on the runway, near one of his three planes. "Good morning, Bob!" shouted Pistell when he caught sight of his friend. "Jesus, isn't it a beautiful day!" Vesco, who was wearing the same loose-fitting shirt and trousers he had worn the day before, smiled wanly.

Moments later we sat in the luxury of Vesco's plane—Pistell, Vesco, a bodyguard, myself and Marti Figueres, the oldest son of Costa Rica's president, who was along for the ride—sipping coffee while the customs men gave special attention to our papers. Within ten minutes we were airborne, tipping our wing at Costa Rica's central plateau. Steam rose from the slumbering volcanoes near San Jose and huge shadows cast by the morning sun swept across the valleys far below. Vesco peered out the window for a while and then turned to me, ready to talk.

"Look," he said, "you're talking about a life and death situation in the United States. The climate of suspicion created by the Watergate investigation has rendered the traditional judicial controls ineffective." He leaned back in his soft seat and took a long drag on his cigarette before continuing. "People who are not out to get Nixon or who believe in something other than pseudo-liberal policies are afraid to speak up, afraid because second and third echelon bureaucrats in the SEC, the Justice Department or the IRS will start harassing them." Vesco shook his head and stubbed out his cigarette. Then he lit another. "It's not a democracy governed by law," he said emphatically, "it's goddamn mob rule. It's slowly evolving into utter and complete chaos."

Vesco glanced over at the cassette tape recorder in my lap. Knowing that tapes are admissable as evidence in court,

"I believe they (Mitchell and Stans) are handicapped by my not being there to testify. But the prosecutors are no doubt delighted I am not there. They are interested in political persecution, in convictions, not justice"

he had for a while resisted my requests that our sessions together be recorded. He had changed his mind only after he'd come to know me, but seeing the instrument before him obviously made him a bit nervous.

But Vesco was anxious to put his case across, and neither his language nor his tone was tempered by the presence of the tape recorder. "You take my personal situation in the SEC case," he continued, his voice heavy with contempt. "The headlines all read, 'Vesco looted mutual funds.' Yet the SEC itself says I never received a penny of that money . . . never! And yet they condone and allow the press to repeatedly use words like 'looting,' 'swindling. . . .' Their very silence is a fraud on the world!"

Since his flight to Central America, Vesco continued, he has spent a lot of time reading, particularly in history, and he is convinced that the United States is being threatened by a wave of "bureaucratic anarchy" similar to the anarchy of the French Revolution. As he sees it, his legal problems, as well as those of people like Howard Hughes, H. Ross Perot, Armand Hammer and C. Arnholt Smith are related to what he called "an attempt to shatter the mandate received by Richard Nixon in 1972 and to destroy in the process any large economic interests who support the President publicly."

As he spoke, Vesco alternated between animation and a calm that approached disinterest. He looked at me directly only sporadically, staring frequently at the wall, out the window or at the tips of the fingers of his right hand.

He paused for a long time and looked out the window. We were over water. "Look at the ITT case," he said finally. "They ran into trouble right after it was learned that ITT put up the money for the Republican Convention. That was the beginning. Here they were spending a billion dollars a year fighting and beating communists in Chile and the only time they ever got hit was when it was learned

that a donation had been made to the Republican Convention. Start thinking about it." He shook his head and inhaled deeply on his cigarette.

After another pause, Vesco started talking in great detail about his own situation. He claimed that he was approached by people representing the Democratic party six months before the Watergate break-in occurred. He was told, he claimed, of a "game plan" which called for getting dirt on at least one Nixon cabinet member in a move to bring on the President's impeachment. Then he excused himself and walked toward the front of the plane.

When he returned, steaming coffee cup in hand, he took off on the SEC, which he despises with a special passion. "What is ironic," he said, leaning back and staring at his fingernails, "is that these same people who state publicly their concern for public morality are in many instances the ones who resort to tactics and methods which go far beyond anything done by anyone currently accused of wrongdoing in this present Watergate situation. They resort to bribery, extortion, physical harassment . . . it's done every day by these supposed trustees of public interest. They intimidate most anyone they want."

He glanced out the window and continued to stare at the blue water below as he spoke. "Just the cost in legal fees alone is enough to break most people. The government knows this, the SEC knows this, and they use this fact as a mechanism to force people into deals or agreements which they would ordinarily not agree to." He turned back toward me and leaned forward. "Can you imagine the average citizen having to finance today's legal fees? Take John Mitchell, that poor son of a bitch, or Agnew. . . . These people cannot afford to pay what I'm paying in legal fees—well over a million dollars a year."

Vesco lit another cigarette. "The little guys in the SEC have their asshole buddies in the IRS who are the buddies of somebody else's district attorney and they all get together and say, 'Let's bring this big guy down.' " He shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of utter helplessness. "It's absolutely out of control."

Vesco added moments later that in his view government lawyers coerce many witnesses into making deals by threatening to get them indicted. The government's star witness against him, former Vesco associate Laurence B. Richardson, is, he said, a case in point. "Richardson had to make a deal," he said evenly. "It's as simple as that. He received immunity from prosecution and persecution if he would be a government witness. In fact it's been proven in court, particularly in the Bahamian extradition hearings, that he filed false affidavits. But, look, Richardson is a poor soul; he is at their mercy. They wind him up in the morning, then they tell him what he remembers and he signs a piece of paper saying it."

"Nixon may or may not have acted properly, but certainly his ends were correct and the penalty paid to date far exceeds anything that any person should have to pay. The destruction to the nation, to the whole democratic process, cannot be worth persecuting a few people"

I asked Vesco if he thought John Mitchell or Maurice Stans are guilty of any wrongdoing. He looked at me closely, his eyelids narrow in concentration. It occurred to me that it is said by those who know him well that Vesco is extraordinarily perceptive. "Well," he answered at last, "I'm not a lawyer and I don't know all of the particulars, but I would say that in the broad sense they are unquestionably innocent of any of the charges I am aware of. It is unfortunate in a way that I cannot return, for if I could return I could assist them. . . . But the prosecutors, of course, are no doubt delighted I am not there. They are interested in political persecution, in convictions, not justice."

"But," I asked, "did you consider your contribution to CREEP to have been given in return for special assistance? That's really the question."

Vesco looked at me directly and replied without hesitation. "No, I did not. The prosecutors apparently have Harry Sears in the same situation they have Richardson in. Who knows what they will force out of him by intimidation? But the fact is, I did not expect any special assistance from Mitchell. It's simply a case of a few bureaucrats in the SEC and the Justice Department cooperating to undertake a political witch hunt."

Vesco stubbed out his cigarette and added, almost parenthetically, that he is certain Richard Nixon is merely being persecuted as well. "He may or may not have acted in ways that some people feel were improper, but certainly his ends were correct and the penalty paid to date far exceeds anything any person should have to pay." He paused, then added as an afterthought, "The destruction to the nation, to the whole democratic process, cannot be worth persecuting a few people."

We sat in stony silence for a couple of minutes. Then Vesco got to thinking about Daniel Ellsberg and the press and what he feels is happening in the United States. "The networks and the press," he said bitterly, "have made Ellsberg a hero. Look, I'm not condoning the actions against him, no, no, no. But Jesus, here's ITT spending a billion dollars fighting communists in Chile being indicted, here's the President in effect being impeached for protecting the country, and here's Ellsberg, and he ends up being a hero!"

Vesco shook his head in disbelief, started to add another thought, but instead waved a hand in my direction—a gesture of disgust—and stared out the window.

"Do you want to characterize your relationship with the Nixon family?" I asked. It is known that Vesco has had business dealings with Donald Nixon, and that Donald's son is employed by Vesco as a go-for.

Vesco thought for a moment. "Close."

"Close?"

"Close!" he said emphatically. Then he grinned slightly.

"Do you think they'll get Nixon?" I asked.

He leaned forward and took another long drag on his cigarette. "I hope they don't because it would be most dangerous to the entire free world. Of course," he added after a moment's thought, "there is no question of Nixon's innocence."

"And," I asked, just to be sure, "none of the charges against you have any substance either?"

"The only charge against me," he said intently, "is that I took $224 million out of the country and I have every right to do that. Most of the money was from outside the U.S. anyhow. The SEC knows where every penny of that money is. They knew then and they know now."

The plane was beginning its descent into Nassau. "Given all the adverse publicity," I asked, "what do you see as your most serious mistake? Could all this have been avoided?"

He reflected for a moment. "Oh yes. The serious mistake on my part was standing up and fighting them. They were offering settlements."

"Well, then, if you had it to do again, would you do it the same way?"

Vesco stared out the window. Islands drifted by. We were within minutes of our destination. He looked out the window for a long time. "Probably not," he said at last.

"Do you want to say what you'd have done differently?"

"Oh," he said, still looking out the window, "I probably would not have stood up this strongly. For me to stand up to the SEC is one thing, but the impact on the family . . . and the friends who have been damaged, significantly damaged, has not been . . . fair."

He looked discouraged and, for the first time really, like a besieged man.

Moments later we landed. Robert Vesco walked briskly from his plane into a waiting limousine and disappeared. ●

The Buffing of America

This analysis of *Streaking* shows it is good for:

- ☐ youth release
- ☐ revolution
- ☐ paronomasiacs
- ☐ politics
- ☐ fun
- ☐ showing one's ass

By James Kunen

These kids today. . . . Streaking all the time! And the press! There's never been such coverage of uncovering: two articles in one *Time*, a color spread in *Newsweek*, four consecutive wry mentions by the Cronk, with analysis by Eric. . . . Amid the general exultation over kids' having at last shucked off their concern for peace and justice, no one's putting this streaking business in proper perspective.

What we're seeing in the news today is a tiny, not very vocal, minority, who do not represent a true cross-section of Americans, who are looked upon by the majority as an irrelevant, if amusing, bunch of exhibitionists who would all go home if TV and press coverage were denied them. And all that goes not just for Congress, but for streakers, too.

A movie could best bring streaking into focus. Picture this: It's 1968. Students are marching down Broadway, chanting, tying up traffic. Helmeted police on horseback gallop into the crowd, their clubs beating on the heads of the students, who are screaming and running. As the students run, we fade out, and fade in with a scene shot at the same location—today. The students have not stopped running down Broadway; traffic is still tied up. The only difference is that the police are peaceful and the students are naked.

We won!

Sure we didn't help the Indochinese or the poor very much, but who ever does? The point is that Mitchell, who once had 10,000 kids arrested by picking up the phone, is now allowed one call, and Youth is wild in the streets, free to embare-ass police as the hardhats prance in naked imitation above them. You *can* change the system from the outside.

With the benefit of today's hindsight, it's easy to trace the inevitable historical development of streaking. The first flashes were exhibited six years ago, when today's streaking freshmen were busy with the childish pursuits of pre-adolescence. The forebear of the phenomenon, of course, was Louis Abolafia, the 1968 Love Ticket candidate for President of the United States.

Abolafia, at that time a prominent resident of the acid-drenched East Village, based his campaign on a poster featuring a large photograph of all of himself, facing the future, completely naked save for the hat he was holding in front of his crotch. "Abolafia is going to throw his hat into the ring," the poster promised. "Abolafia for President: What have I got to hide?" As everybody knows, he did not win the election, but he got a lot of exposure on campuses and claimed 100,000 write-in votes.

In 1969 he ran for mayor of New York—naked down Wall Street—and was busted, as he was in Central Park at a Bust-Out he organized (like a be-in but with special emphasis on airing views).

By the summer of that year, disrobing had become standard outrageous procedure for the counter-culture. At Woodstock, many youths, obviously drug-crazed, took off their clothes (despite inclement weather), as though by doing so they could strip away all the constraints of culture, opt out of society and revert to the state of nature, which sounds like fun. (This sort of behavior was exhibit A in the case against acid.) Of course, then, as now, clothes were taken off with the explicit intention of putting them on again. Now you streak nude, then you tripped stripped, but either way you're just passin' through.

Reached by phone recently in suburban Scarsdale, N.Y., where he is a reclusive artist and utopian visionary, the 33-year-old Abolafia propounded his analysis of streaking. "It's really a revolutionary statement," he explained. "Mass frustration with society can come out in political action or in something faddish like this."

But don't the streakers claim just to be having fun?

"Burt Reynolds isn't political, but posing nude in *Cosmo* he's making a political statement, turning people's heads. When people run around naked, it's because they can't be what they really want."

A friend of mine maintains that Abolafia is exactly wrong, that kids streak because there is *nothing* they want to be. There's a complete social vacuum; there's no model of what's good, of what's a good way to be: no Movement, no Beatles, no Dylan, no Ike. So they're getting back to basics.

Of course, no one asks the kids themselves what it's all about, which is as it should be, since they are young and foolish: witness their behavior. Still, though streaking may well be just another of the little bursts of sanity traditional in spring, it's worth taking a look at.

It could be that what we're seeing is

The author is a mystic free-lance, who showed considerable cheek in his book on the '60's Revolution, The Strawberry Statement.

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAKE HAMPTON

Streaking's not pastoral; it's modern, brisk, efficient."Streaking, begins and ends in controlled circumstances"

a vestigial and decadent derivative reenactment of the Superman story, in which case we can expect a confluence of major currents of our culture as streakers begin competing to see how many of them can strip at once in a phone booth.

I have heard the theory that streaking arose from the disappointment over the comet Kohoutek. Students attached such importance to the predicted streak across the sky by a heavenly body that when it failed to appear they were driven to "act out" the hoped-for event with their own. This would not be the first case of celestial fixation (*cf.* "mooning").

More likely, streaking represents the last gasp of the reactionary ethos of attachment to the body. Now that machines do the work, computers do the thinking and ping-pong is played electronically on TV screens, the body has been relegated to the status of a recreational vehicle.

It is also true that streaking can be viewed as a manifestation of cultural absorption, or the "Ginger-ale Tastes Like Love Syndrome," by which any new social force is digested and absorbed into the existing society. Thus, the metamorphosis from *freak* to *streak*.

When the freaky is Middle-Americanized, it's New'ed, it's Improved and it's fast, fast, fast. Your typical naked hippie dopesters were consistently languorous, bathing together, smoking together, lying around touching, all of this generally undertaken in or near a forest. Streaking's not pastoral; it's modern, brisk, efficient.

"Streaking begins and ends in controlled circumstances," notes a disappointed sensation-seeker of my acquaintance. "As soon as it's over, it's like it never happened." Streakers seem well-disciplined, judging by the photos in the press. They always run in step, with the leg closest to the camera raised as the shutter snaps. You get the feeling the streakers scrub and spray themselves before and after, and there couldn't be less hanky-panky at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Or so the DAR tells me. "We've received no letters from our members," a spokeswoman said, "and when there's something going on they don't like, we're inundated. I guess they feel, 'Live and let live.' "

The Catholic Church has taken no position on streaking, but a spokesman at the New York Archdiocesan Office was notably placid when he explained on the phone that the traditional Catholic moral teaching on sexual morality breaks down into (1) actual conduct, and (2) modesty. A violation of modesty could be (a) a serious sin, or (b) a trivial sin, or (c) no sin at all, depending on (1) intent and (2) impact. "Norms of modesty change as styles change. The usual standard is, 'Don't be the first to introduce the new and don't be the last to give up the old.' "

The Establishment equanimity in the face of streaking can be laid to the consensus that it's non-sexual (phew!) or even antisexual (hear! hear!), and certainly apolitical (bravo!) behavior.

Not everyone is unconcerned, however.

A spokesman for the New York Stock Exchange, asked to comment on streaking, responded, somewhat gruffly, "Our only comment is 'no comment,' " by which I think he meant that streaking augurs run-away inflation with unemployment in the garment industry.

A few Cassandras have been heard, if not heeded. Streaking has been condemned as "destroying the moral fiber of our community" and called "a signpost on the road to the ruin of Western society." Really, running naked through the streets is not the sort of conduct you associate with the *rise* of the Roman Empire. You don't see the Chinese streaking (or playing video ping-pong, for that matter).

It may get worse. Streaking is going to evolve. It cannot stand still. "It's reached the point where it's losing that Quixotic romanticism," one observer complains. "I've seen just about all the photos I want to of scholars' buttocks, smart-asses, wisecracks, call them what you will. The thrill is gone."

But the trend is toward longer and longer streaks, and eventually a threshold will be crossed whereby not just the duration but the fundamental nature of the act will have changed. Streakers will essentially be *leaving* their clothes off, and thus *de facto* "dropping out," as they will not be admitted to establishments which require attire. They'll have to cast about for something to do while nude, if only to pass the time. There's no telling what will come next, but after Wesson Oil and rolling donuts they might come around to "tuning in" or "turning on."

At that point, we can expect the discovery that streaking causes chromosome damage in beagles and is suspected of being funded by foreign governments.

However streaking evolves, what we've seen so far "is just the beginning," Louis Abolafia gleefully predicts. He, who was rather more right than President, insists, "The whole political system has to be de-pantsed."

Having stood for election nude before, is he interested in running now?

"I ran. The prophetic aspect of my running is proven. I want other people to start running. I'd love to see like, really, Allard Lowenstein take his clothes off and run for President. And it'll be accepted and be okay. . . . In fact, if Nixon would run naked, just as I did, then—I don't say what he's done would be excusable—but he'd be forgivable."

There *has* been some talk of a mass streak across the White House lawn on April 1. If Nixon—Mr. Cover-up—were to come out and truly face the nation, give full disclosure, it might tear the country apart. There might be an insatiable demand for vengeance for the million ways—the million and one ways—he's offended us. But just possibly we could follow the example of today's idealistic Youth, overlook his shortcomings and turn the other cheek. ●

More helpful tips and rationalizations from our favorite public service-minded oil companies

Text by James Lardner

Isthmus asks your cooperation during the Energy Crisis:

Remember, the best mileage ingredient is you!

That's right. Just by changing the *way* you drive, you can cut gas consumption an amazing 85 percent!

* Drive a safe, steady 10 miles per hour.

* Plan your route to travel downhill as much as possible.

* Avoid needless stops and starts. That next traffic light will probably stay yellow a moment longer than you expect, so think positive and barrel on through!

* Lighten your vehicle. Leave extra cargo behind—that old fishing tackle box in your trunk, that old spare tire, the old lady, etc.

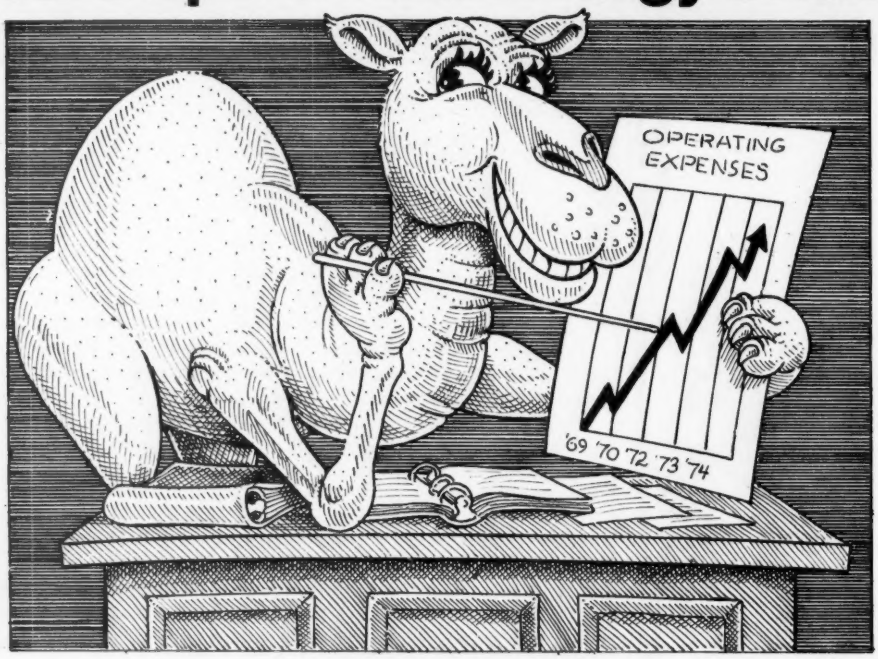
* And always time your trips to drive *with* the wind.

Working in cooperation, we can weather the current shortage, and before long, we hope, you can once again be racking up a big, fat bill at your local Isthmus Service Station!

ISTHMUS

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FRANKEL

Where can you get the Real Dope on the Energy Crisis?



Straight from the Camel's Mouth!
The Effluon Camel, that is!

Here are a few of the questions he hears most frequently.

Q. Is the energy crisis genuine or was it simply invented by the oil industry in an effort to boost profits?

A. Genuine.

Q. But haven't the oil companies taken unfair advantage of the situation?

A. No.

Q. What about the charges that the major oil companies have been trying to squeeze independent dealers out of business?

A. False.

Q. Why didn't the oil companies do something to prevent the energy crisis before it happened?

A. Effluon has been warning of an oil shortage for more than half a century, through nine Presidential administrations. In our 1924 annual report, for example, we predicted, with astonishing accuracy, that "the supply of petroleum in the world is not infinite."

Effluon has proposed a bold three-point program to deal with the energy crisis:

(1) A total effort aimed at unearthing new sources of fuel. If we can put a man on the moon, why can't we tap the vast oil beds at the bottom of the Grand Canyon, or underneath Crater Lake?

(2) A Critical Commodities Tax Credit, under which the oil companies would be designated as endangered industries and be permitted to deduct 50 percent or 70 percent of their earnings (whichever might be greater) from taxable income. (With this new drilling incentive, it would be possible at last to end the controversial oil depletion allowance.)

(3) A temporary postponement of 1975 clean air standards to 2350 A.D.

Q. We keep hearing stories of oil companies investing their profits into other, unrelated businesses instead of into the search for new oil. What about this?

A. Yes, Effluon has diversified its activities as part of our continuing effort to serve you, the energy-consuming public. For the record, here is a complete list of our current holdings:

Effluon of New Jersey
Effluon of Rhode Island
Effluon of Delaware
Delaware
Smith Bros. Cough Drops
Wong Fin Chinese Laundry (Bayonne, N.J.)
ITT
The Detroit Tigers

EFFLUON

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY NORMAN

(this is an advertisement)

Fumoco

We were saving the environment before Ralph Nader was born.

Twenty-five years ago, when Fumoco first started drilling for oil in Pristine County, Ark., there were those who predicted that the area's delicate—almost fragile—balance of nature would be upset. Some said it was only a matter of time before such highly endangered species as the Shocking Pink Cockatoo and the legendary Texas Bald Sparrow would be extinct. What chance, people wondered, could a mere winged bird have against the lightning progress of the twentieth century?

Well, the folks at Fumoco did not forget their feathered colleagues. The way we look at it, nature can't run without birds any more than a car can run without a carburetor. Man may be head honcho on this planet, but where would he be without the mellifluous calls and whistles of a summer afternoon, or the silhouette of a gull against the ocean sky, or fried chicken to go?

So when we set up shop in Pristine County, we were determined to make our operation the most environmental in the history of oil. Long before it became the accepted thing, we were the first to require our engineers to wear rubber gloves. We were also the first to camouflage our rigs by painting them green and draping them with artificial leaves.

Ecology wasn't that popular an issue back then, but the folks at Fumoco weren't out to win a popularity contest, either. Of course, there were those inside the company who questioned the wisdom of our investment in the environment. What did we get in return? they asked. Well, whenever some young Fumoco employee gets to asking that question, we send him down to Pristine County and let him work a hard day in the oil fields. Then, at the end of that long day, when he hears the characteristic shriek of the Shocking Pink Cockatoo, he knows why. Today there are more of these little creatures in Pristine County than anyone knows what to do with.

Now we don't claim credit for the spectacular array of bird life down in Pristine County, but we're certainly glad if we were able to lend Mother Nature a helping hand.

And remember, Fumoco now contains Vista-Von, an amazing air quality additive than can make your city street smell like a country lane. Fumoco: Our business is power—and we're minding our business. (Which is more than we can say for Ralph Nader.)

FUMOCO

PHOTOGRAPH BY COOPER/FLOTTE

Alternate energy pipe dreams

Windmills, solar-battery space stations, even barnyard droppings are the stuff energy hopes for the future are made of—which is a lot of garbage

A New York cab driver the other week was showing off his new all-electric meter. I asked if it used any more electricity than the old crank-the-flag kind. "Oh sure. Probably twice as much." Then he returned the question. "Waddaythink, Mac? How long's it gonna take before we clean up this energy mess . . . two years?" I suggested it might take much longer. "Yeah? Well waddabout this solar energy? I see on television where that's supposed to be limitless—and free!"

Ah, those esoteric energies, the new elixirs that will lead us out of the darkness and back into the Promised Land of Unlimited Power! No sooner do the Cassandras tell us that we are plunged into the worst energy crisis in the nation's history than a new breed of Pollyannas issues forth to tell us that there is energy enough for the asking. They are pinning their hopes, in part, on new sources and uses for conventional fossil fuels: oil from shale and tar sands, and oil and gas from coal. But the real excitement focuses on the potential of the new natural energy sources—the sun, the wind, the tides, the heat under the earth, the heat on the ocean's surface and even the sweepings of modern society, garbage and sewage. These energies, they now tell us, are winning tickets in the energy sweepstakes, simply waiting to be cashed.

Reassurances are at every hand. A recent ad in *Time* proclaimed, "POWER FROM GARBAGE—an endless source of clean energy." The author of a survey of alternate energy sources in the *National Review* begins by proclaiming the energy crisis a "fraud," and goes on to explain that the problem is not with our rate of consumption or the limits of our resources, but simply the limits of people themselves. "Exploitable energy surrounds us everywhere," he tells us, "had we the will to use it." No less sanguine, an editor's note in a recent *House & Garden* predicts, "Solar energy, recycled garbage and many other technological developments are going to change our lives and pull us through the current fuel emergency."

The media, as anxious for new sources of news as of energy, has fallen all over itself to report the new possibilities. Take the case of Henry Clews. A former aeronautics engineer and schoolteacher who dropped out a few years back to homestead in North Orland, Maine, Clews rigged his house and a nearby guest cottage to run off of the power from two imported windmills—by any measure, a modest enough exercise in self-sufficiency and nostalgia. But the first seismic shock of the energy crisis last winter brought an Associated Press reporter and a CBS camera crew to investigate, and ever since

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTY NORMAN

Clews' 50-acre homestead has become a media Mecca. Reporters from the *Wall Street Journal*, the New York *Times* and the Boston *Globe*, as well as camera crews from CBC in Canada, Newsweek Broadcasting and public television in Maine, have made the 10-mile trek through the backwoods. CBS even came back for a second look, and in the process plugged its ganglia of electric cables into the wrong socket, blowing out one of the Clews' central fuses. The family mailbox is now overflowing with some 80 letters a day asking for information on wind power. Clews, who set himself up as an official importer for Swiss and Australian windmills last year, already has some 5,000 names on file and more firm orders than he and his suppliers can possibly fill by the end of 1974. Men in white shirts and narrow ties from Grumman Aerospace have already come calling, hoping to buy up that ready-made mailing list, but Clews is not selling—he plans to go into production himself.

In desperation, Clews set up an office in a second-hand trailer on the main road out of Bangor, hoping to divert the traffic through his living room. "Thanksgiving Day people walked right in the middle of our turkey dinner to take a look," he complains. "This euphoria for alternate energy amazes me. I also believe it is the hope for the future, but we have to be *realistic*!"

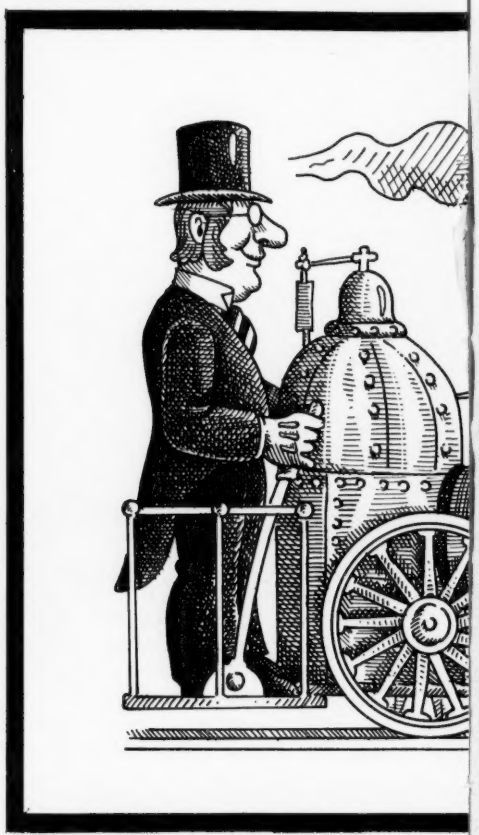
The so-called alternate energies are fast becoming the fuel for man's dreams, if not for his automobiles, refrigerators and furnaces. Disillusioned by the slow progress and mounting costs of nuclear energy and desperate to break through the fossil-fuel barrier, government planners have recently ratcheted up research grants for solar, wind and geothermal energy tenfold over the next four years. Legislation is now pending in the House to subsidize 4,000 solar-heated-and-cooled houses. Crystal-ball gazers suddenly see new billion-dollar industries in the offing.

In an important sense, the attention now being received by the various energy alternatives is long overdue. Oil and gas reserves are dwindling fast, and increased or even continued importation at current levels is fraught with danger, as the Arab oil boycott so dramatically proved. Deriving oil from shale beds in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah is altogether possible but may prove expensive and most certainly will introduce new and serious environmental problems—for instance, the disposal of the spent shale itself. Coal reserves seem plentiful enough for the short haul, but no one has yet solved the health and safety problems of deep mining, the aesthetic and ecological problems of strip mining or the serious pollution problems of coal itself.

Back in the '50s and '60s, it was assumed that nuclear energy would be the answer for the United States' gargantuan energy needs. Even the environmentalists were pushing for nuclear power. The all-too-visible dangers of fossil fuels, the soot and the smoke and the scarred earth, somehow seemed worse than the invisible and as yet uncalibrated dangers of radioactivity. David Brower, the ardent conservationist who headed up the Sierra Club until 1969 and went on to found Friends of the Earth, recently confessed that he used the efficacy of atomic power as his best debating point against hydroelectric plants. "Until four years ago," he recalled, "I was absolutely in love with the atom." Brower was hardly alone. All sorts of alternate energies were jilted in the rush to embrace the sophisticated bitch goddess, Uranium 235.

So confident was the United States of its energy capacity that the country went on an unprecedented energy binge. Nature's own elaborate cooling system—trees—were skinned off the land to make room for shadeless subdivisions, replete with air-conditioners in every room. In 1952 only 1 percent of the wired houses in the United States had air-conditioning. By 1972 the figure hit 46 percent and was still rising fast. Brower has calculated that the United States consumes more electricity for air-conditioning alone than 800 million Chinese use for everything. Almost overnight, ours became a plug-in society. Guitars became electric guitars, combs became hot combs, clotheslines gave way to clothes dryers. . . . During the '60s the consumption of electricity alone grew three times as fast as the population itself.

Unfortunately, the optimism about atomic power has not been justified. The bitch goddess has yet to put out. After $3 billion and 25 years expended in researching and developing the civilian uses of the atom, and tens of billions more spent on



the 42 nuclear plants now in operation, the Nuk is supplying us with only 1½ percent of our energy; it has just nosed out cord wood in energy output.

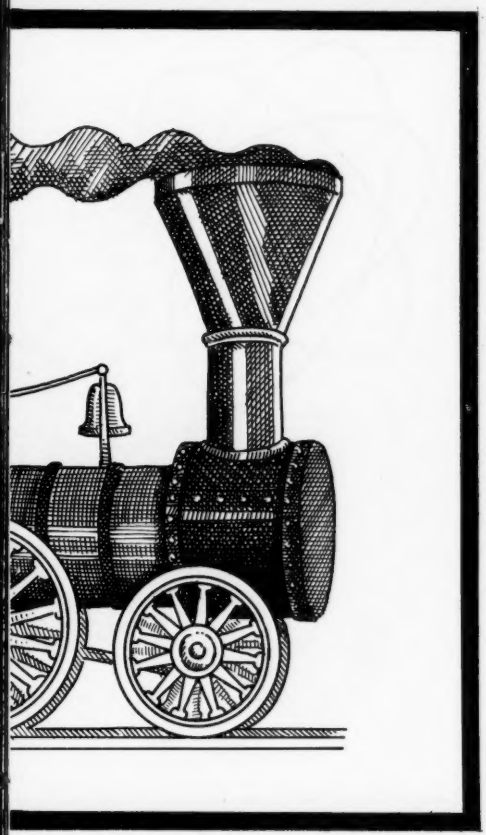
That painful lesson in false prophecies may have to be relearned with alternate energies. At best, they can provide only a partial answer—and that may be decades away. To believe, as some journalists and cab drivers seem to, that the sun, the wind, garbage or any other "new" energy source can solve the short-term problem is a grievous error. Lawrence Rocks and Richard P. Runyon, authors of *The Energy Crisis*, caution that "sunshine may be our ultimate power source, but America could collapse while dreaming about it in philosophical detachment from practical matters."

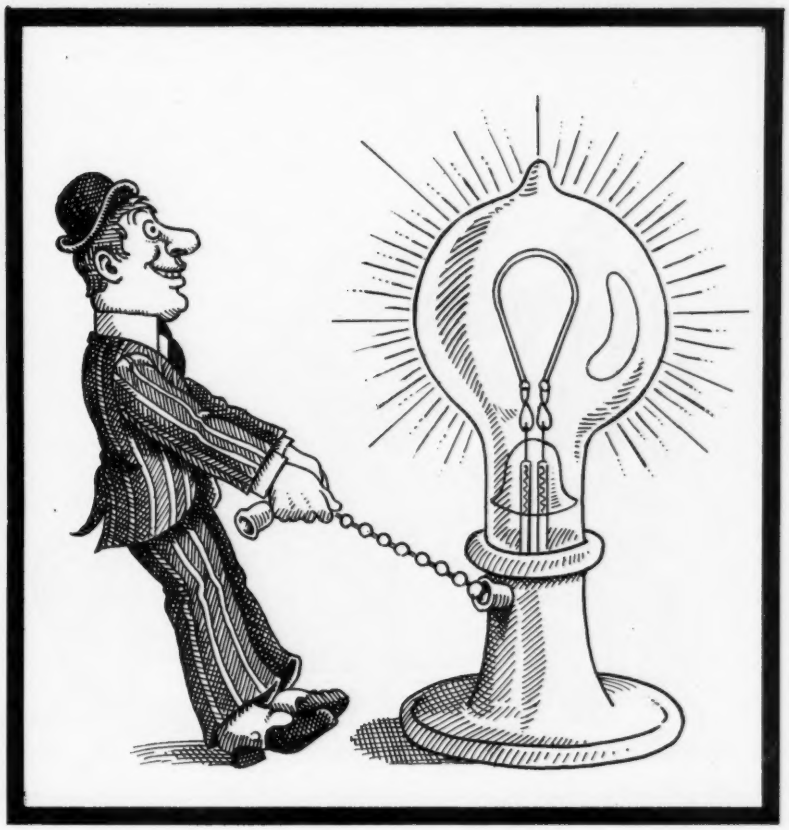
If alternate energies are to shoulder even part of the United States' energy burden, they will first have to rise, like Phoenix, out of their own ashes. Solar power (which generates wind as a by-product by creating thermal imbalances) has been driving man's ships, growing his crops and warming his huts since time immemorial. Even the more current manifestations of solar energy have been around for a while. The country still creaks with the sound of windmills, most of which haven't been oiled or operational since the day Rural Electrification came to town. Scattered up and down both coasts are the rusting reminders of an earlier infatuation with solar energy. One company in Miami alone sold 60,000 of them in the '40s, before gas became widely available.

To be sure, every effort should be made to develop these energy sources to new levels of productivity. But billions of dollars will have to be spent in research, development and capital expenses before alternate energies can even begin to make a significant contribution. One has only to look at the state of the art in the various fields to realize how long it will take.

Clews' much publicized windmills prove the point. His newest happens to be the most powerful that is now commercially retailed—6,000 watts. Feathered by the good breezes that waft down between the two hills above his house, that generator supplies Clews with all the electrical power he needs. But then Clews does not need much. His hot water heater, his stove and his refrigerator all run off of commercial gas—the energy source that is running out faster than all the rest. And his space heating comes from two wood-burning stoves, which are fine for the backwoods of Maine but not necessarily for the plains of Iowa. No one is more aware of the limitations of small-scale wind generators than Clews himself. "I have to keep telling people that, at the moment, windmills can't compete with on-line power costs," he says. "My message is that it is very expensive and limited to very special applications."

If wind power has a future as well as a past, it is in hundreds of thousands of large-scale wind towers. Unfortunately, the last experiment in large-scale windmills in the United States aborted after only three years of operation back in the mid-'40s, when an eight-ton blade on a 1,250 kilowatt generator sheared off and was never replaced. Yet it is from the records of that brief essay into wind power on Grandpa's Knob in Vermont that the current enthusiasm stems—when it worked, the giant wind machine did produce an impressive amount of electricity. Enough, at any rate, to have kept Professor William Heronemus, an engineer at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, hunched over his drafting table, sketching Brobdingnagian wind power proposals for anyone who would read them. A former Navy submarine builder who bears a striking resemblance to Jonathan Winters, Heronemus fell in love with the wind about the same time he became terrified of nuclear power. "I used to think nuclear power was the best thing since sliced bread," he said. "The way we built nuclear submarines under Rickover, everything was tested through and through. But in the hands of these thieves on land, it is a different matter. If we do not stop the





nuclear steamroller within the year, it will never be stopped."

Heronemus has vigorously suggested a huge grid of some 300,000 wind generators, each 70 stories high, across the Great Plains, a string of towers through the White Mountains of New Hampshire and—easiest on the eye—a battery tucked off the coast of Maine. The off-shore grid could, he claims, be easily manufactured by assembly-line process and could produce enough electricity to power the six New England states for the foreseeable future. But, bundled up against the energy crisis with a thick flannel shirt and two sweaters in his Amherst office, Heronemus hardly seems to believe himself that his dream will come true. "The idea is too old," he laments. "We want nothing but high technology. That's the American way."

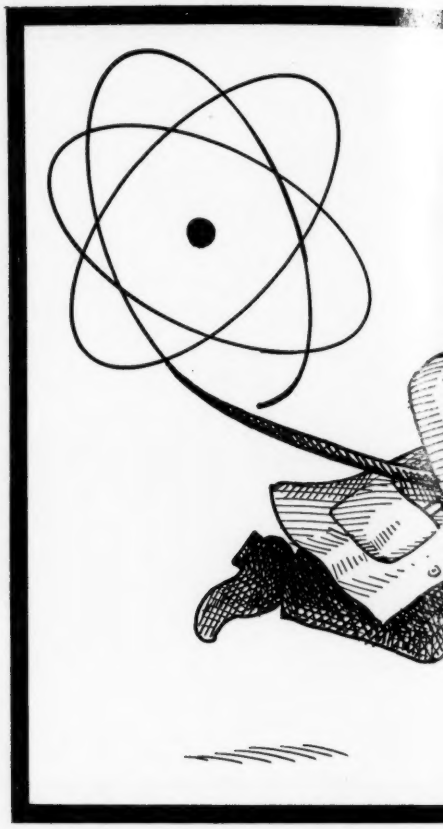
Backed only by $3,400 donated by an interested private citizen, Heronemus and two graduate students are currently working on their own medium-sized generator in a nearby vacant office. Standing next to the fiberglass mold for a 15-foot-long propeller blade, amidst sawdust and fiberglass hairs, Heronemus shrugged. "We are moving very slowly here. A tremendous number of people want to jump on the wind power bandwagon, but so far it is mostly talk. I just wish someone would pick up the ball and run with it. Until two years ago, NASA had not even heard of wind power. Their main goal is to keep themselves employed."

What about solar energy? Proponents repeat ad infinitum ad nauseum that the solar energy falling on the surface of the United States is equal to 600 times the country's current energy needs. That would be encouraging indeed, if the United States were a flat aluminum collector plate, faced with glass, operating at 100 percent efficiency. The fact is that the efficiency factor for solar heat collectors is more like 30 percent, and even if you covered all the roofs in the country with them, you could trap only a small percentage of that energy. Solar energy's strength is its weakness—it is everywhere, but it is extremely dilute. No university has studied solar heating longer than MIT, which ran a solar research program for 25 years. Yet its four solar test houses built by that university have all been dismantled.

"This euphoria for alternate energy amazes me," says one windmill owner, "but we have to be *realistic*"

To find out why, I paid a visit to Hoyt Hottel, professor emeritus of chemical engineering and the man who ran the MIT solar program for a quarter of a century. I found Hottel nestled somewhere near the icy epicenter of MIT's glass and metal labyrinth, in Building 12 (at MIT buildings have numbers; at Harvard they have names). He was just in the process of escaping to New Hampshire for the holidays, escaping, among other things, journalists such as myself who are hot on the energy trail. His opening comment: "Solar energy is one of the least important things I have talked about in recent years." The sum of Hottel's solar house experience? "If you build your solar system to handle about 60 percent of the heat load, you will lose the least amount of money. But," he added, "you'll lose even less if you don't put in any solar heating at all." Snapping a rubber band stretched between his hands, Hottel exclaimed, "It gripes the hell out of me when people think their hearts are in the right place just because they want to spend a lot of money on solar energy. It can have no major impact for the next 20 years."

Of course, there are many reputable scientists who are equally convinced of the future of solar residential heating. One of them is Dr. Eric Farber, head of



the Solar Energy Lab at the University of Florida in Gainesville. Farber's test solar house gets ample space heat and hot water from the sun—not surprising in Gainesville's mild, sunny climate. The acid test will come this year, when Farber will try to air-condition the house with solar energy, using the same principle by which old-fashioned gas refrigerators were cooled by small gas flames.

Farber's one-story ranch house has become something of a major attraction in Gainesville of late. Before the Arab boycott, visitors tended, in the words of our guide, to be just "naturally curious." Now, at the rate of 30 or 40 a day, they are people who are just naturally mercenary—contractors, engineers, refrigeration experts and architects, all trying to figure out the new profit angles on the sun. If dreams count for anything, solar energy is fast on the way to becoming big business in Florida.

And why not? Arthur D. Little, a prestigious consulting firm out of Cambridge, Mass., is predicting that solar climate control alone could generate $1 billion in new business as early as 1980. To make sure it cashes in, Little has launched a program to evaluate the means of creating that market and has already signed up 50 interested companies at $15,000 each, among them DuPont, Honeywell, Itek, Ashland Oil and Textron.

Any doubt that solar energy has already gone "commercial" is readily dispelled by a visit to the model solar house opened last summer by the University of Delaware's Institute for Energy Conversion in Newark. The hype starts with the beautifully designed sign out front. "SOLAR ONE," it announces. "The first house to convert sunlight into electricity and heat."

Dr. Carl Boer, the head of the institute, firmly believes that solar energy's real potential lies as much in the direct conversion to electricity by solar cells as in solar climate control. Solar One is a very tentative step in that direction. The house's cells are currently producing about 600 kilowatt-hours a month, enough for an average family—but at a cost that is astronomical. The university is not saying what the cost of the cells is and probably does not even know. They were made by cottage industry. To buy enough cells to produce an equivalent amount of power for a spaceship, NASA is now paying between $2 and $4 million. That is a fairly expensive two-bedroom house.

The assumption, of course, is that solar cells can be made 1,000 times more cheaply through mass production, like the transistor. This would make Dr. Boer's house a real possibility; it would also make feasible the Satellite Solar Power Station concept, developed by Peter Glaser, a mechanical engineer and vice president of Arthur D. Little. Glaser's dream is to put a solar power station in synchronous orbit around the earth, where it would convert solar energy into electrical energy and finally into microwaves. The microwaves would be beamed to earth, where they would be reconverted into electricity.

Even if that miraculous cost reduction can be achieved (one of Glaser's stations would now cost $750 billion), the satellite concept seems to have as many other obstacles as there are meteoroids in the heavens. For one thing, there are the meteoroids themselves, which are apt to crash into the solar cells, causing considerable damage. For another, the thing weighs about 25 million pounds. Finally, even if such a station could be launched, it would supply less than 1 percent of *today's* electrical consumption.

I asked J. Hilbert Anderson, an engineer of considerable practical experience and something of a Leonardo himself in the alternate energy field, about satellite power stations. He laughed. "Listen, we simply can't afford it. Such concepts are an inventor's delight and a research man's dream, but if they are the only answer, we had better go back to the horse."

Anderson, naturally, has a few ideas of his own that he would like to try

before we have to saddle up. The former chief engineer for York Air Conditioning and a man who knows his turbomachinery, he believes that there is considerable usable energy in the form of hot water not too far under the earth's crust. Such heat is now tapped commercially only when it is brought to the surface by nature itself. The Geyser Installation near San Francisco, the largest geothermal plant in the world, sits on such a fault and is generating 396,000 kilowatts. But such sites are rare. Anderson believes that by drilling only a few thousand feet into the earth's mantle, you can find thousands of places, particularly in the West, where water can be piped up at temperatures close to 400 degrees. That, he argues, is hot enough to pass through a heat exchanger to vaporize a working fluid and drive a turbine. A small prototype plant using Anderson's patented system is supposed to go up in California's Imperial Valley this year.

Anderson's favorite idea, however, is sea thermal power. His black, bushy eyebrows dancing with enthusiasm, he fetches a large cardboard model of a sea thermal power plant and places it on the wall-to-wall carpet in his split-level home in York, Pa. The principle, he says, is simple. In southern latitudes, there is a difference of some 40 degrees between the temperature at the surface of the ocean (heated by solar energy) and the temperature 3,000 feet down. That differential could drive thousands of heat engines off the coast of Florida and Georgia.

A Frenchman named Claude did produce a modest amount of electricity from a land-based sea thermal power plant in the 1920s, but when he took his method out to sea, a hurricane destroyed his boat before the system became operational. So Anderson must start afresh. This spring, in partnership with his son Jim, 32, an electrical and mechanical engineer, he hopes to complete a working model. If it works (ice water will be used to simulate water from the ocean's depths), the Andersons will then have to convince prospective financial backers that a floating power plant, dangling a 3,000-foot pipe, will be seaworthy. Heronemus, for one, has voiced some skepticism over Anderson's design, but that may be because he has designed his own sea thermal plant. His plant (he, too, has a model) is a catamaran submarine that will "dive" into position and trail a much shorter pipe behind it. "That vertical pipe of the Andersons," he says knowingly, "will be torn apart by vibration."

MIT studied solar heating for 25 years—now all four of its solar test houses have been dismantled

There are, of course, a few other "powers" to consider. The city of St. Louis is now burning one-third of its garbage in a steam-turbine electrical plant, thereby saving more than 10 percent of the plant's coal supply. Even if the added costs of sorting the garbage cancel the savings on fuel, it is, at the very least, a nifty way to get rid of garbage. Scientists are also studying ways of using the country's annual payload of 2 billion tons of animal manure to generate methane gas, a principle successfully tried on a small scale outside the United States. Henry Clews, who has become something of a one-man clearing house for alternate energy information, sums up the state of the art rather aptly. "I keep an eye out for someone actually doing it with methane," he says, "someone actually shoveling the shit in one end and getting gas out the other end. But I can't find anyone."

Alternate energy, in short, is a long way from breaking the fossil-fuel hammerlock on energy and closing the widening gap between the country's energy reserves and its needs. ●

these are new times

No more Mrs. Nice Guy

According to the image, political wives are helpful, loyal and staunchly inoffensive. The image is crumbling

By Myra MacPherson

The Angelina and Joe Alioto Road Show is over. The TV cameras and photographers and reporters no longer follow their every move or fill the San Francisco mayor's mansion. And now, in the beginning moments of silence since Mrs. Alioto's amazing true confessions about her 17-day disappearance, there is time to ponder the political significance of it all.

For the first time in political history, the public saw a real life nationally televised soap opera—"the political runaway wife"—that revealed universal frustrations of many political wives, long hidden behind the facade of the traditionally "happy political marriage."

Her husband, the mayor, who is running for governor of California, sat there sheepishly holding her hand as Angelina Alioto, 58 and the grandmother of 11, poured out her grievances coast to coast. She had run away to "punish" him. She was "neglected," left alone 25 to 27 nights a month in the mansion. "Joe doesn't always tell me the truth." She needed some "thoughtfulness."

Now, in the aftermath of these public revelations, friends worry about the mayor. "He was publicly humiliated and it was obviously a shameful thing for him. He seems a troubled, burdened man," a friend said. "He hasn't been the bombastic dynamic whirlwind of a man that he was before this. He keeps to himself and doesn't say much.

"I don't think anyone knows what effect it will have on him politically at this point, but I think the effects will be long standing on that marriage," his friend continued. "He is a macho Italian type and you must remember that for San Francisco Italians, the family is close knit and the father really runs the show. It isn't like Mrs. Lindsay, for example, standing up and saying she's mad at John. Besides, the mayor isn't the kind of man who likes to share the limelight. In those first ten days after her return, it was Angelina the autograph nuts wanted to get to; it was Angelina the press wanted to talk to. He just stood there. It was tough duty." All of a sudden Mayor Alioto was wearing the stiff grin that political *wives* used to wear. It was *he* who had to be the ever-smiling, all-forgiving, constantly supportive appendage.

Thus Mrs. Alioto, who appears the antithesis of the women's movement with her carefully bleached hair, designer clothes, perfume and tons of jewelry, joined the growing ranks of New Political Wives who are refusing to be props to bolster the politicians' image of happy family men. Not long ago the most controversial statement a political wife would make to the press was the recipe for her favorite meat loaf. Now, whether inspired by the forthrightness of Martha Mitchell (most recently she told her "darling John" that he could "go to hell") or caught by the gravitational pull of the women's liberation movement, or both, wives of elected officials are rebelling against the confinement and hypocrisy of their roles.

"You bet things are changing," grumbled one political aide. And the behind-the-scenes story about what went on while Mrs. Alioto was missing reveals what political upheaval such a recalcitrant wife can cause. At first, Alioto was not too concerned because, as a close friend said, "she had done this before. At least once a year." Alioto apparently never thought those earlier cries for attention meant enough to examine or change the pattern of their life. The only difference was that this time she stopped telephoning her daughter to check in after the first few days. Associates say that in the first week political repercussions were foremost in the mayor's mind as well as in theirs'. They ruled out her being hurt—"we felt we'd hear about that." Staff meetings were held daily. "We'd all sit around and have new ideas about where to look for her." The mayor's concern grew and he cancelled some appearances, using the excuse that his wife had laryngitis. Meanwhile, Alioto and his aides were checking fat farms and plastic surgeons, among other places, thinking she might have secreted herself away to have a face lift. Publicity was the last thing the mayor and his staff wanted, and so police were "very quietly" dispatched to look out for the Hertz Rent-A-Car she was driving. Then, on the 16th day, it began to dawn on everyone that she might be hurt, or kidnapped. This time, an all-points bulletin was issued. Mrs. Alioto heard it in Santa Cruz and called home, driving up to the mansion in the early hours before dawn.

It was the mayor's decision to hold a joint press conference. According to an

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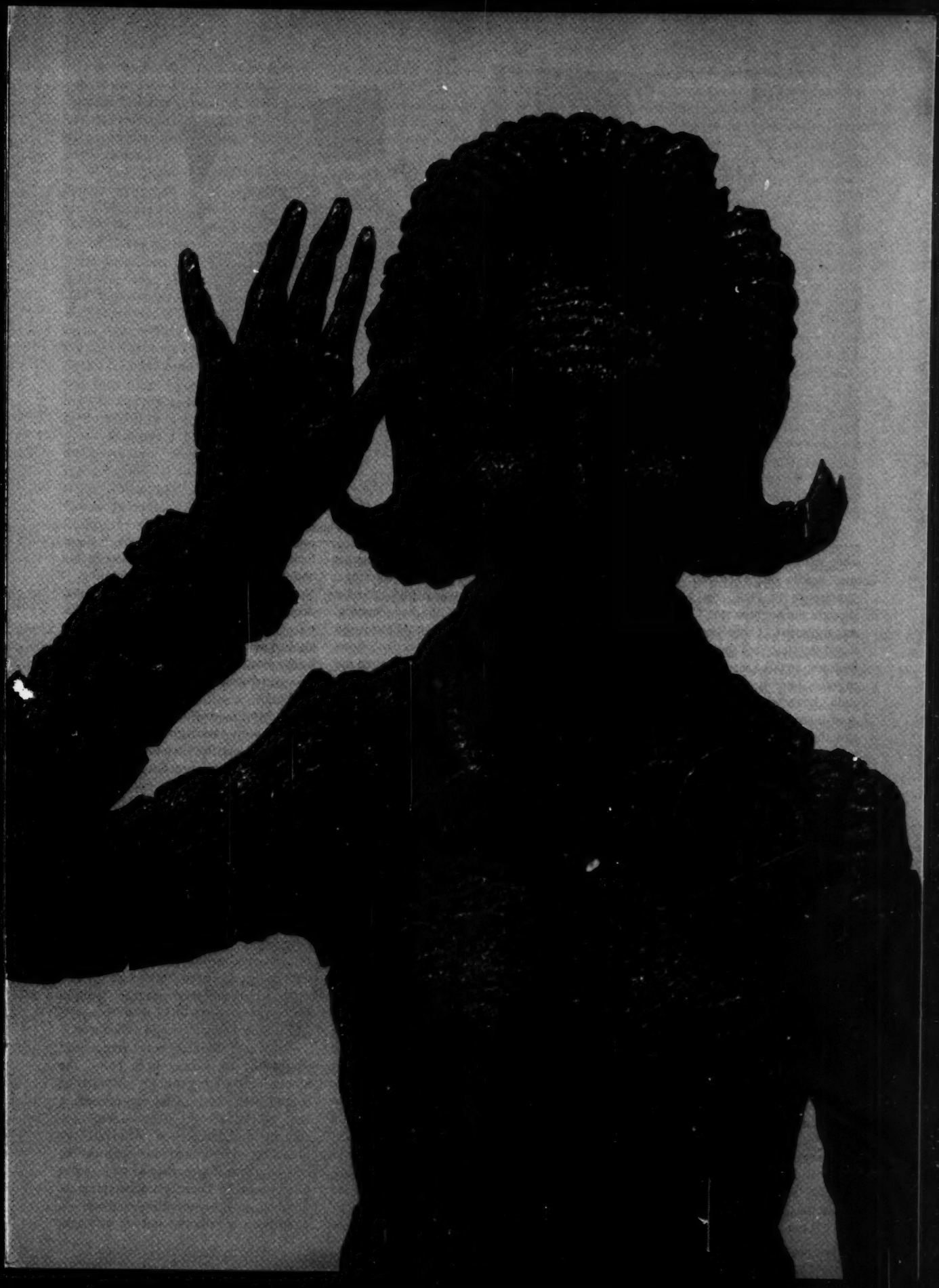
Myra MacPherson, currently on leave from the Washington Post, *is writing a book on the family life of politicians.*



The ex-Tunneys of California: she says he "used our house like a hotel."

aide, Alioto only decided about ten minutes before the scheduled 2 p.m. press conference to "tell" his wife what he thought she ought to say. "They had quite an argument. Three times they started down the stairs and then went back to the bedroom to talk some more. They were 35 minutes late. It was quite obvious Joe didn't know what the hell she would say." And those watching the press conference saw the mayor grip her hand tightly and saw his face take on the color of wet cement.

Alioto is now taking polls to see what effect the whole incident had on his race against former Governor Pat Brown's son, Edmund. Staff members say the mail shows the mayor breaking even; some even insist it has been a plus. They say that for every letter that argues "If he can't control his wife, how can he run the state?" there is a letter applauding his frankness about the situation.

One of the mayor's aides decided his boss's chances in the governor's race were finished when he walked out of the press conference. "I rode back to city hall," he recalled recently, "and was considering taking out the razor blades." But, he said, initial polling and letters showed he was "100 percent off the mark as a political forecaster. Her behavior touched some cord, especially with other political wives and policemen's wives—the mistreated wives all over the country." As one political consultant put it, "There's no question that Mrs. Alioto made politicians notice the fact that they have wives."

One noted Washington psychiatrist, Dr. Zigmund Lebensohn, thinks such statements are merely political subterfuge. "I can't buy that it was a plus. They're trying to make the best of a bad situation. It was a public humiliation Alioto could do without." Lebensohn does feel, however, that there is a growing change in the public attitude toward political families. "I think what's happening," he said, "is that Middle America is giving up its romantic love affair with the 'ideal family' in the White House—'momma loves poppa and poppa loves momma and momma and poppa love the kids, etc., etc.' I feel the media has helped by revealing the hypocrisy. Interestingly enough, the one real uptight character we had, Richard Nixon, with his uptight wife and two uptight kids, has given us the biggest scandal. People are seeing that this 'hypocritical' family image has no bearing on what happened politically."

As for a new-found frankness among political wives, Dr. Lebensohn feels that it certainly wouldn't have occurred "without the women's movement." "I think a woman who probably did a lot of suffering was Lady Bird Johnson," he says. "But she knew he had no interest in leaving her so she could forgive him his strayings, which were pretty well-known. She was somebody well disciplined and trained to the 'important thing,' meaning, 'I am the wife of the United States President and this is my concept of the job.' I think these concepts are changing. Politicians and families are beginning to see there is an acceptance and public tolerance of all kinds of things. They are now feeling that 'this is the time. We can do this and our world will not stop rotating.'" Nor, does Dr. Lebensohn feel, can you discount Martha Mitchell. "She's a sad. . . well, there is a very unhappy quality about her, but her extraordinary frankness was an impetus. She was putting into words what a lot of people were thinking."

Martha Mitchell's style, the slug-it-out-via-your-favorite-media political wife, is still a rarity, but a virulent strain of candor is clearly spreading through the political world. Quieter revelations are increasingly expressed by any number of political families. Prominent recently divorced senators and congressmen will sit with their feet up on their desks at the end of the day, twirl paper clips absentmindedly and come up with the ultimate admission of how obsessed they are by politics. They will tell you they would have divorced their wives years ago except for one reason—they felt it would hurt their political careers. "Let's face it," one congressman admitted recently, "politics forces you to take a lot of crap from your wife that another guy would walk out on."

Wives counter with generalized complaints—time away from home, the all-consuming interest in his job when he is home, the effects of the ego massaging that politicians get from aides, constituents and hangers-on. After all, the homeliest, most anonymous congressman gets adulation from *someone* who thinks he's important. There is a decompression problem for everyone concerned when a politician comes home and his wife asks

him to take out the trash. Marian Javits, wife of the New York senator, is fond of quoting Rita Hayworth's comment about her ex-husband, Orson Welles: "He expected me to applaud him when he got out of the shower."

Few political ex-wives are that clever, but they do say, "You just couldn't check his ego any longer—he just began to believe his own press clippings." Or: "I swear, if I were the only person in the room, he'd come in, shake my hand and ask for my vote." There have been incredible marital masquerades. The ex-wife of one prominent politician told me that, through her husband's choosing, they had not made love for ten years. Still, when she finally said she could no longer stand the way they were living—or rather, *not* living—she had to get a legal separation to get him out of the house.

Thoughtful and reflective wives and ex-wives of politicians speak of the special strains politics places on marriages. Abigail McCarthy, separated from former Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy, says that the political system eventually forces political couples to live "separate lives."

Mieke Tunney, the Dutch-born ex-wife of California Senator John Tunney, said she could not stand the false intimacy of campaigning, and that as her husband got deeper into politics he "merely used our house like a hotel." Her ex-husband reportedly winces (although his aides say their polls show his divorce is of negative concern) as his ex-wife—now a hit on the disillusioned political wives circuit—says in magazines and on talk shows, "It's a stifling life; it's very repressive. The wife either become a cliche, uttering all of those cliche phrases. . . or she stays in the background trying not to be provocative one way or the other." She says, "Politicians have jumbo egos. Like actors, they always have to prove to themselves and to the world how wonderful they are."

Political wives have their own identity problems, and react in various ways. Some drink too much. You can see them at receptions and dinners, the hand a bit unsteady, the eyes a bit too puffy, the smile a bit too rigid.

Some immerse themselves in the women's clubs on the Hill. Most avoid careers, and the given reason is that they are too time consuming to mesh with their demands as mothers and wives of politicians.

The second person divorcing pols call, after their lawyer, is a pollster

Others, from the wife of Vice President Gerald Ford down to the most anonymous congressman's wife, seek psychiatric help when pressures build. One Washington psychiatrist said more political wives seek help today "not because there are more political casualties but because taboos are fading. Some of them are just so relieved to be able to tell someone the truth." The last person to come to a psychiatrist is the politician himself. "He just doesn't want to be seen going into that type of doctor's office."

In these changing times, it is hard to gauge the political fall-out from an outspoken political wife. One of the least diffident of these wives, Mrs. Pat Lucey, wife of the Wisconsin governor, says, "I think what this country is dying for is a little candor and frankness. They're sick of political double talk. Whether from husbands or wives." Although she questions the propriety of ironing out her personal problems in public, Mrs. Lucey says, "I understand why Mrs. Alioto did it. There's a real change, and it's coming from these gals who are so deeply frustrated. She felt abandoned, and that's true of every political wife. We *are* abandoned."

Some politicians say that Mrs. Lucey's own "incident"—the time her husband locked her out of a bedroom and she called the police—eliminated her husband's name from Senator George McGovern's list of vice presidential possibilities. As one McGovern strategist said to me recently, "That was really enough—just that one story. Particularly because it was so close to the convention. It didn't sound exactly Presidential." But that thought hardly bothers Mrs. Lucey. She now laughs and says, "I'm glad they made the decision *that* way—otherwise we'd have been blamed for his losing. I thought that whole campaign was sort of goofy. God knows, the last think I wanted was my husband on that team." (At the press conference at which her husband endorsed McGovern, Mrs. Lucey went

The Luceys of Wisconsin: she says, "We *are* abandoned."

The Aliotos of San Francisco: she made politicians notice that they have wives.

around telling everyone that she preferred Muskie.)

The Luceys maintain a consistent silence on what happened that night in mid-March, 1972. A Milwaukee *Journal* clipping at the time said that the governor refused to comment on it, that it was a private matter. The article said that, according to police, the governor's wife called the Madison suburban police department of Maple Bluff at 11:09 p.m. Officer Hugh Morrison was quoted as saying, "Jean Lucey was upstairs kicking at a bedroom door and shouting and swearing at her husband, who was inside. It appears that both Lucey and his wife had been drinking and had an argument. She wanted the door open so she could get some of her things and go to their nearby residence." (The Luceys kept their old home when they moved into the mansion.) Morrison said he "maintained the peace until Mrs. Lucey left."

Close friends feel it was the kind of quarrel most couple can—and do—have, and that the Luceys are a happy couple. She was back in the mansion in a few days.

Jean Lucey is one politician's wife who never followed traditional concepts of her role—"I don't think I lost my civil and human rights just because he got elected governor." However, she resents being compared with Martha Mitchell and revealed one of the general tenets of politics—that it is basically anti-wife—when she said, "Men have always suggested that if a political wife gets too involved, too outspoken, she's a little 'kooky.' The press, which is mostly male, is so lacking in ingenuity and creativity they make me a little sick. If you speak out, they immediately say, 'She's another Martha Mitchell.' How can they compare me to Martha Mitchell? I hate the telephone."

A prosperous realtor before her husband became governor, Mrs. Lucey says, "I can't be a hyprocrite and arrange flowers and pour tea. I did not take on any of the roles previous wives did. I decided I was not going to be trapped by precedent. I was not going to sit around in this mansion and show the real estate." There would be no tours, she announced. "The kids were home—they were at that age when they were just getting over their alienation from everything, and I felt that I couldn't ask them to live here and every so often say, 'Disappear because a few busloads of women are coming to tour the place.' "

At a time when the rest of society divorces with relative ease, in an era when people in other professions practice open marriages or openly practice just living together, it remains to be seen if explosive marital breakups will affect politicians. It is still considered by many as the last profession for which divorce and/or adultery, or a bitter wife anxious to cause trouble, still spells professional disaster. Or does it? One congressman joked that in rural America, just plain divorce and sex wouldn't do it anymore—"you have to throw a little communism in with it."

The fact is that ex-husbands and ex-wives now comprise a sizeable voting block of their own. A newly divorced senator was mulling over his chances for reelection not long ago when a close friend reassured him, "Look. Don't worry. If you get all the votes of those who are divorced, or would *like* to be divorced, you'll be home free."

The friend is probably right, although there are several factors involved in how a recently divorced politician fares—how sophisticated his constituents are, how quiet the divorce is, how secure he was in office before the divorce. Many politicians and their aides pray for the ex-wife to remarry because this takes away the taint of the cast-off wife.

If Eugene Snyder, a Republican congressman from Kentucky, can make it this year, it would seem that even divorce, scandal-style, doesn't hurt. His divorce and subsequent child-custody battle with his ex-wife was one of the most vicious public fights in political divorces. While Kentuckians agree that the divorce didn't help, no one will place any bets that it is enough to shoot down Snyder—a law-and-order, anti-communist, anti-gun control favorite of his conservative constituents, who elected him by a landslide the last time.

After Snyder divorced his wife, Louise, and married his district office manager, the ex-Mrs. Snyder called the newspapers and announced she was running against her ex-husband for Congress, throwing in for good measure that he was a liar and a cheat. Her motive for running, she said, was to put pressure on Snyder because he was contesting the custody of their 14-year-old son, Mark. A few weeks ago Snyder was awarded custody of the son.

Snyder countered that his wife had

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The ex-Mandels of Maryland: "The governor crawled out of my bed this morning."

some serious problems. He seemed to be including her present husband, a radio evangelist who saves people via the airwaves. "I've done a little research on that new husband of hers," Snyder said recently. "If she runs against me, I'll get the court to release the divorce file and they'll both have to leave town. It takes a pretty good case to get a kid away from his mother."

His ex-wife recently called Kentucky papers at midnight to say she had decided not to run, charging at the same time that the custody case was "rigged" and that her ex-husband had "bragged to that effect" on two occasions. The judge ruled she was over-emotional. "When I heard Gene lying through his teeth, I did cry. All the time Gene was running around I was home taking care of Mark."

Asked over the phone whether she did have a "serious problem," Mrs. Snyder countered, "Yes, I did have a serious problem for five years, and her name was Pat Robertson. Now *he* has a problem, but her name is now Pat Snyder. He married her. Those politicians. Everyone from old women to young babies tell them how great they are. Then you get a red-headed secretary who knows all the ropes and well—you know. These guys work 24 hours a day to build their image, and the people never really know what a man is. Once he feels safe in his office, he can do anything he wants to."

Messy divorces, of course, are hardly unusual, but when politicians are involved, they almost always result in headlines. When Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel announced he was leaving his wife last July 3, it got equal play in Washington papers with the Liz Taylor-Richard Burton separation statement. Mrs. Mandel professed innocence about her husband's long-time love and told reporters, "The governor crawled out of my bed this morning. He has never slept any place but with me." She said she thought her husband "should see a psychiatrist," that the strain of politics had gotten to him, adding, "You don't take 32 years of marriage and throw it down the drain."

Actually, the governor had been asking her for a divorce for two years and for two years she had been refusing. By mentioning his love, Mrs. Jeanne Dorsey, by name in the statement, and adding, "I intend to marry her," the governor took that one weapon of disclosure from his wife.

Bitterly, Mrs. Mandel told close friends that she wished her husband had never become governor, because then women like Mrs. Dorsey would not have been attracted to him. She reacted in an extraordinary way for a traditional political wife. She refused to leave the mansion. Mandel was forced to set up shop in a nearby hotel. As the weeks stretched into months, the governor moved into an apartment. For almost half a year, Mrs. Mandel held on, giving speeches from time to time in which she vowed to continue as first lady until the governor came to his senses. Finally, moving out with her eight wardrobe boxes, Mrs. Mandel declared, "Our marriage has not returned to normal. Therefore, with deep regret, I am leaving the mansion."

The Mandels are now legally separated and she lives in a Baltimore apartment. She says she is not bitter, but Mrs. Mandel did have a parting word for both the governor and Mrs. Dorsey, a 35-year-old divorcee with four children. She said, "No one remains 35 forever. Who knows—in two years he might want someone who is 25. What's the guarantee?" Of her husband she said, "I helped him achieve the highest position in the state. All our lives we worked hard for a goal together. Achieving is a very important thing. If he threw it away, then let him live with it."

The second person divorcing politicians reach for, after their lawyer, is a pollster. Aides to Mandel insist their poll findings show that the whole affair is negligible. Most people polled, they said, felt it was his own business. "Those who objected did not on the ground of morality," said an aide, "but because it was poor timing. They thought he should have waited until after the election. They were more political than we are!"

If voters can indeed handle the new image of the political wife, there might be benefits all around. Dr. Lebensohn is convinced that there will be a difficult reconstruction period immediately ahead, as classical roles and behavioral patterns are scrambled. But, he adds, "If we survive this interim period, it may be a better thing than all the phony baloney many political families still go through. We might get real honesty. Wouldn't that be nice," he asks, "if no one had to put up that damn facade?" ●

NOMINATIONS FOR THE 1974

National Book Awards

Ten panels of judges have nominated these 110 books for the 25th National Book Awards. Only one winner will be named for each of these categories. The winners will be announced on April 18th at a ceremony in Alice Tully Hall at New York's Lincoln Center. Each winning author will receive a prize of $1,000 in recognition of outstanding achievement.

The National Book Committee, a non-profit membership corporation, administers the Book Awards Programs on behalf of four donor organizations: the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American Publishers, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

ARTS & LETTERS

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W. H. AUDEN: Forewords and Afterwords *(Random House)*

CLARENCE BROWN: Mandelstam *(Cambridge Univ. Press)*

RICHARD ELLMANN: Golden Codgers: Biographical Speculations *(Oxford Univ. Press)*

B. H. HAGGIN: A Decade of Music *(Horizon Press)*

LILLIAN HELLMAN: Pentimento: A Book of Portraits *(Little, Brown)*

EDWARD HOAGLAND: Walking the Dead Diamond River *(Random House)*

PAULINE KAEL: Deeper into Movies *(Atlantic/Little, Brown)*

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN: Elie Nadelman *(Eakins Press)*

LEONARD B. MEYER: Explaining Music: Essays and Explorations *(Univ. of California Press)*

KEVIN STARR: Americans and the California Dream: 1850-1915 *(Oxford Univ. Press)*

SAUL STEINBERG: The Inspector *(Viking)*

BIOGRAPHY

J. H. ADAMSON & H. F. FOLLAND: Sir Harry Vane: His Life and Times (1613-1662) *(Gambit)*

ROBERT V. BRUCE: Bell: Alexander Graham Bell and the Conquest of Solitude *(Little, Brown)*

JOHN CLIVE: Macaulay: The Shaping of the Historian *(Alfred A. Knopf)*

STEPHEN F. COHEN: Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution: A Political Biography, 1888-1938 *(Alfred A. Knopf)*

LESTER G. CROCKER: Jean-Jacques Rousseau: The Prophetic Voice (1758-1778), Volume II *(Macmillan)*

DOUGLAS DAY: Malcolm Lowry: A Biography *(Oxford Univ. Press)*

MYRA FRIEDMAN: Buried Alive: The Biography of Janis Joplin *(Morrow)*

WILLIAM H. HARBAUGH: Lawyer's Lawyer: The Life of John W. Davis *(Oxford Univ. Press)*

TOWNSEND HOOPES: The Devil and John Foster Dulles *(Atlantic/Little, Brown)*

LOUIS SHEAFFER: O'Neill: Son and Artist *(Little, Brown)*

KATHRYN KISH SKLAR: Catharine Beecher: A Study in American Domesticity *(Yale Univ. Press)*

ADAM B. ULAM: Stalin: The Man and His Era *(Viking)*

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ALICE CHILDRESS: A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan)*

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JULIA CUNNINGHAM: The Treasure Is the Rose (Illus. by Judy Graese) *(Pantheon)*

BETTE GREENE: Summer of My German Soldier *(Dial Press)*

KRISTIN HUNTER: Guests in the Promised Land *(Scribner's)*

E. L. KONIGSBURG: A Proud Taste for Scarlet and Miniver (Illus. by the author) *(Atheneum)*

NORMA FOX MAZER: A Figure of Speech *(Delacorte Press)*

F. N. MONJO: Poor Richard in France (Pictures by Brinton Turkle) *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)*

HARVE ZEMACH: Duffy and the Devil (Pictures by Margot Zemach) *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux)*

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS

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WALTER KARP: Indispensable Enemies: The Politics of Misrule in America *(Saturday Review Press)*

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DONALD JUSTICE: Departures *(Atheneum)*

ELEANOR LERMAN: Armed Love *(Wesleyan Univ. Press)*

AUDRE LORDE: From a Land Where Other People Live *(Broadside Press)*

ADRIENNE RICH: Diving into the Wreck: Poems, 1971-1972 *(Norton)*

ALICE WALKER: Revolutionary Petunias & Other Poems *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)*

CHARLES WRIGHT: Hard Freight *(Wesleyan Univ. Press)*

THE SCIENCES

JEREMY BERNSTEIN: Einstein *(Viking)*

THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY: Genetic Diversity & Human Equality *(Basic Books)*

AMITAI ETZIONI: Genetic Fix *(Macmillan)*

J. M. JAUCH: Are Quanta Real? A Galilean Dialogue *(Indiana Univ. Press)*

RUTH KIRK: Desert: The American Southwest *(Houghton Mifflin)*

SUSANNE K. LANGER: Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling, Vol. II *(Johns Hopkins Univ. Press)*

GEORGE LAYCOCK: Autumn of the Eagle *(Scribner's)*

ROBERT I. LEVY: Tahitians: Mind and Experience in the Society Islands *(Univ. of Chicago Press)*

S. E. LURIA: Life: The Unfinished Experiment *(Scribner's)*

WILLIAM T. POWERS: Behavior: The Control of Perception *(Aldine)*

EDWIN S. SHNEIDMAN: Deaths of Man *(Quadrangle/New York Times)*

TRANSLATION

KAREN BRAZELL: The Confessions of Lady Nijō *(Anchor/Doubleday)*

KIMON FRIAR: Modern Greek Poetry *(Simon and Schuster)*

ANTHONY HECHT & HELEN H. BACON: Seven Against Thebes by Aeschylus *(Oxford Univ. Press)*

ANTHONY KERRIGAN: The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Nations by Miguel de Unamuno *(Princeton Univ. Press)*

MICHAEL KOWAL: Essays on European Literature by E. R. Curtius *(Princeton Univ. Press)*

HELEN R. LANE: Alternating Current by Octavio Paz *(Richard Seaver/Viking)*

RALPH MANHEIM: From the Diary of a Snail by Günter Grass *(Helen and Kurt Wolff/ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)*

JACKSON MATHEWS: Monsieur Teste by Paul Valéry *(Princeton Univ. Press)*

W. S. MERWIN: Asian Figures *(Atheneum)*

JEANNE NĚMCOVÁ: A Prayer for Katerina Horovitzova by Arnošt Lustig *(Harper & Row)*

A. K. RAMANUJAN: Speaking of Siva *(Penguin)*

BURTON WATSON: The Old Man Who Does as He Pleases: Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Lu Yu *(Columbia Univ. Press)*

SOPHIE WILKINS: The Lime Works by Thomas Bernhard *(Alfred A. Knopf)*

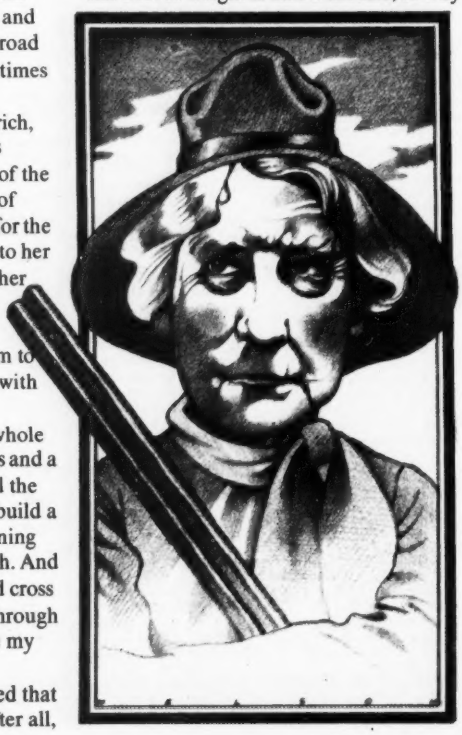
The Lady "Made 'em Crawl"

Hysham, Montana—The windswept rolling plains of eastern Montana, coyote country, a long arrow shot north of the Custer Battlefield, is where the rich and powerful Burlington Northern Railroad got drygulched. It was a salty, nine-times great-grandmother did 'em in.

The lady is Montana Garverich, born around the time Montana was admitted to the union in 1889, one of the first children in the then new town of Augusta. The baby girl was named for the territory on the advice of a midwife to her mother. She is known as Monti by her friends, which means just about everyone in Hysham, where the incident took place and whose claim to fame lies somewhere in the future with low sulfur coal.

It was coal that started the whole thing to begin with: the energy crisis and a need for more fossil fuel. That, and the Burlington Northern's decision to build a $10 million, 36-mile-long spur joining Hysham with a coal field to the north. And the fact that part of the track would cross Monti's 4,500-acre ranch: "Right through the good bottom land where I raise my hay," she said.

No one at the railroad figured that would pose much of a problem. After all, the Burlington Northern is the largest landowner in the state, and one of the largest in the country. It has the longest freight lines in the USA. It is into freight, minerals, timber and land development. It has a lot of weight to throw around, so why shouldn't it put the spur right where it wanted to? Who was going to stop it?



Montana Garverich, of course. Montana, who wears a white hat and rides a white horse, and who shot the legs off a railroad surveying crew's tripod. Well, not really. That turned out to be a rumor. What happened was the railroad crew failed to get permission to go onto her land. Montana was seeing to newborn calves and . . . well, listen to her tell it.

"I saw some men tramping around my land, and I couldn't find my binoculars, so I picked up my rifle and used the telescopic sight to see who they were. If I wanted to I could have shot 'em. I'm good with the big bore for targets or for meat." The big bore is her late husband's 30.06 bolt action rifle that she carries in a saddle scabbard.

The trouble with the railroad began more than a year ago when the Burlington Northern offered Montana "a measly $17,000 to waste 100 acres of prime hay land and 40 acres of good grazing land."

Montana told the railroad to build on property away from the good land. Her suggestion had its advantages. One, it would take track out of the flood plain (state government frowns on building in a flood plain); two, it would eliminate a pair of crossings. Since there is a lot of teenage traffic on the highway—what with school,

ball games, band practice and the like—it would do away with some road hazards, saving the railroad $68,000. One crossing costs $30,000 plus $4,000 upkeep, the gunslingin' grandmother was told.

But the railroad wouldn't listen, condemned her acreage and started surveying. "That got my Irish temper up," she said. "At least I think I got some Irish blood in me." Montana put the big bore down and wrote Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.); the Montana junior senator, Lee Metcalf; her congressman; Governor Thomas Judge and her local representatives. Then she filed suit against the railroad.

At the district court level, Judge James F. Batten ruled against Montana. She appealed and, quite suddenly, the Burlington Northern caved in.

"They thought the appeal would go against them," Montana gloated. "And so they came crawling on their bellies to me."

Final score: Montana Garverich—$39,000 for land; $13,000 in recompense for legal fees; $800 for court costs. The Burlington Northern scored zero.

Sitting Bull would have loved it.

By Cortlandt Freeman

The Terror of Tiny Town

New York City, N.Y.—The talk I'm overhearing at the opposite end of the bar seems to be about midgets. Judging from the Bronxese boisterousness of the two conversationalists, I imagine the subject to be midget wrestling. But no, what's this they're saying, something about a midget *movie*? Name a movie starring a midget? My God, it's cinema trivia time, late of a weekday evening, in a second-floor bar at Manhattan's Port Authority Terminal. The participants, burly and ruddy-faced, manic with multiple infusions of boilermakers, do not appear likely to suffer gladly an interruption from a bespectacled stranger clad in charcoal-brown flannel, with a vest. But I happen to know the answer, and obviously the man to whom the question has been put doesn't. So without looking up from my stein of Michelob, I announce:

"I'll name *two* movies starring midgets."

"How much?"

I look up. The query has come from the taller and huskier and redder-faced of the duo. His mein is challenging but not menacing.

"How much?" I echo densely, unaware of the ritual.

"How much will you stake on being right?"

I do not gamble. I'm ignorant of all

card games, excepting War. Never been to the track. Last shot craps in senior high school. A damnable cautious man who keeps late hours only when trapped with a client, who wagers only in his profession, book publishing, a dice roll masquerading as a business masquerading as an art. But now I've found my racy milieu: movies.

"Make it five," I propose.

"Five. Right. Let's hear it."

Trying not to swagger, I amble down the bar and join them.

"First let's take a movie starring *one* midget," I say. "*It's a Small World.* A Dickensian saga of the tragedies and triumphs of a midget born to a humble farm couple in Iowa. He's sold to a carnival, kidnapped by pickpockets who covet the advantage of his rear-pocket height, and ultimately he's freed and united with a lady midget at a more congenial carnival. Next, the second movie, *The Terror of Tiny Town*, is an all-midget western, one of the most depraved entertainments since the days of Nero."

My questioner gasps for a second, awed but not disbelieving.

"*Small World*, right," he finally says. "And nobody could make up *Tiny Town*." He shoves a wet, crumpled fiver at me, and suddenly the three of us are laughing, ordering another round. My new comrades in the secret society of movie mutants, which knows neither caste nor color and recognizes expertise, are construction workers. They learn I'm a book editor, and one of them announces that his son is a linotype operator whose company prints the telephone books. We are instant buddies.

A welter of quizzing ensues. Me: "Who played the priest of Kali's son in *Gunga Din*?" Goodbuddy #1: "Abner Biberman." He knows *Abner Biberman*! Gleefully, I hand him two bills. When I build my pleasure dome atop the hill in Upper Montclair, these men will be foremen. Goodbuddy #2: "Hum the theme from *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*" Me: *Da* da da *da* da da da *da* da da *da* da . . . ." I scoop up three bucks and retort: "Okay, name the actor who played the head bandit in *Madre*." Goodbuddy #2: "Doooooooh, let me think. Let me *think*. Alfy, Aloysius, no Alphonso, Alphonso Bedoya."I pay him four—it was a two-to-oner.

Now I look at my watch. Jesus, I'll miss the last bus home. I scrape up my winnings—yes, *winnings*, $11—and we say our farewells, agreeing to meet once a week, same time, same place. There have been no formal introductions: I'm Tiny, they're Alphonso and Abner—and that's how we leave it.

By Herman Gollob

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

The New York literati: a gothic tale

By Philip Nobile

In the winter of 1962-63 a strike shut down New York newspapers, a depressing, nearly disastrous state of affairs for the denizens of Word City. The strike not only deprived New Yorkers in general from their daily fix of news, it cut off a few from their source of literary criticism, The New York Times Book Review. *This was precisely the time for a coterie of the New York literary community to step in with a review of its own. So it came to pass in February, 1963, that the first issue of* The New York Review of Books *was published. Dynamite, literarily speaking. It bulged at first with the literary comment of America's most influential writers. But, as the revolutionary fervor of the '60s grew, the* Review *caught it and became an organ of radical ideology. Now, its views have moderated, it is still political; and, for whatever reason, it is powerful, perhaps the most powerful intellectual publication in the world. If this is so, then, the* Review, *with its several avatars, raises a real question: what is it? The following is what happened to one reporter, Philip Nobile, who tried to answer that question in the just-published* Intellectual Skywriting.

Maybe I should have listened to Hannah Arendt. "Don't do anything that will get you into trable," she warned me in the midst of a Weimarian tongue-lashing over use of her quotes in *Intellectual Skywriting*, my very unauthorized history of *The New York Review of Books*. I crossed Arendt, the intellectually forbidding author of *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, and sure enough I landed in big trouble. Ever since Charterhouse announced purchase of the manuscript two years ago and *Esquire* published a long excerpt in April of 1972, my life has been a legal Gethsemane. I've heard nothing but libel suits and rumors of libel suits. Despite devout wishes, this unexpected chalice would not pass away.

Who could have imagined that a journal with such a splendid record for calling them as they see them—from Norman Mailer's sodomy of *The Group* to Mary McCarthy's wasting of *The Best and the Brightest*—would kick and scream when the tables were slightly turned? The *Review* can dish it out okay, but they wear their trunks too high. Any jab risks landing in the magazine's groin. And the effect is purposely chilling.

To wit: The *Review*'s solicitors, Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft of One Wall Street, advised Charterhouse that I might be "either reckless of the truth or malicious, or both" and that *NYR* would exercise its rights against anyone who utters "defamatory falsehoods about the *Review*, its personnel or its editorial policies." *NYR* co-editor Robert Silvers informed *Esquire* that its quite libelous and damaging piece was in the hands of counsel. Advisory editor Elizabeth Hardwick also spoke out loud of lawyers. Random House vice president Jason Epstein, *NYR* founder and backstage husband of its other co-editor, Barbara Epstein, predicted litigation in my future if I weren't careful. An aggrieved Susan Sontag volunteered as a star witness for the prosecution. (However, Sontag was perfectly squelched when it was revealed that my principal source on her was the very fellow she chose to represent herself.) Arendt sought the services of literary attorney Paul Gitlin. Eve Auchincloss, formerly of *NYR* and now with *Book World*, promised to sue unless a certain "over my dead body" paragraph were killed. *NYR* critic Robert Mazzocco claimed invasion of privacy after scanning a bootlegged copy of the manuscript, and political analyst Ronald Steel attempted to recall approved quotations upon reading the final text, which had been delivered to him surreptitiously by the dark lady of the project—the aforementioned Eve Auchincloss.

Now the bad news. Nancy Wechsler defended the interests of Charterhouse and, theoretically, me in this farrago. The assorted rhinoceri of the *New York Review* crowd did not weigh a feather next to this woman's well-meaning casuistry. Mrs. Wechsler, senior partner of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst and spouse of the New York *Post*'s James Wechsler, ran so tight a ship that her objections were frequently overruled by my editor, Richard Kluger. Nevertheless, her legal review delayed the book two seasons and almost forced me to jump overboard. Actually, I myself had to threaten before this woman would relinquish documents to me from the legal file. With an adversary like Wechsler, *NYR* doesn't need a friend at Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft.

How did I get into this revolting predicament? Why would a young freelance stick his nose into the intelligentsia's personal affairs and thereby invite its perpetual revenge? There are smarter ways of getting ahead in the city, as Norman Podhoretz learned with his memoir *Making It* a few years back. Unlike Podhoretz, I never had in mind "a frank, Mailer-like bid for literary distinction, fame and money all in one package." A history of *The New York Review of Books* wasn't even my idea! Mike Curtis of *The Atlantic* put me up to it. I went to him in the fall of 1970 to propose a book on New York belles lettres for Atlantic Monthly Press. "Why not try a chapter on *New York Review* for the magazine?" he said. "We've been looking for a piece on them."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAN FAUST

I guilelessly accepted the commission. We agreed on a chronological approach since the polemical road was well traveled on the subject. Curtis, third man on *Atlantic*'s masthead, mentioned a 5,000-word limit and left me entirely to my own devices.

"Philip, you know I'll speak to you," Bob Silvers said when I rang him for an appointment. Silvers and I used to get along fairly well. As an editor of *Commonweal*, I was close to the Catholic Left and we often chatted about the Berrigans during the summer of 1970. Two weeks prior to my call, *NYR* even printed an article of mine on Philip Berrigan. Under these pacific circumstances, Silvers hardly suspected my intentions, which, on my children's heads, were the best. Despite sealed lips on his relations with *NYR* writers, he promised full cooperation on matters of fact. For biographical details I would have to consult others, and Silvers graciously certified me with a number of associates.

b Except for Lionel Trilling, the Godfather of America's intelligentsia, all the major literati sang. On the *Review*'s side I had fruitful sessions with Noam Chomsky, Murray Kempton, Elizabeth Hardwick, David Levine, F.W. Dupee, Robert Heilbroner and Alfred Kazin. Extremely interested bystanders like Irving Howe (*Dissent*), Michael Harrington (Socialist Party), Norman Podhoretz (*Commentary*), David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*), Richard Rovere (*The New Yorker*), Richard Poirier (*Partisan Review*), Arthur Schlesinger, William Phillips *Partisan Review*) and John Leonard (*The New York Times Book Review*) received me with open heart. Several of Silvers' sidekicks, including George Plimpton, were surprisingly forthcoming. Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, William Styron and Saul Bellow responded freely to my queries. Such loose tongues. I marveled at the material I was digging up. Nobody had ever been on the *Review*'s historical trail before. All sorts of parties wanted to set the record straight and I had my choice of skeletons. Although the *Review*'s enemies are legion, much of the unflattering stuff was inside dope. For instance, it was a buddy of Silvers' who allowed his suppressed CIA connection out of the bag. (He was briefly co-editor of *WAY Forum*, a free-world send-up published by the CIA-sponsored World Assembly of Youth.) I failed to notice Silvers talked funny for a Long Giland Jew until intimates cited his "acquired Anglican accent." "When he opens his mouth, he's a dead ringer for George Plimpton," confirmed Charlotte Curtis, associate editor of the New York *Times*.

Happily, many *Review* writers are bundles of ambivalence. "My admiration for Bob is as an editor, not as a friend," one *NYR* name commented symptomatically. A friend of Susan Sontag's said he'd never write for the *Review* again, if they treated him the way they treated Sontag. The poor woman was purportedly banished from the magazine in 1965 when an editor soured on her homosexual criticism (e.g., "Notes on Camp"). At one point, Silvers dared *Esquire* to have me provide a "believable source" on the *Review*'s alleged yellow streak regarding the publication of articles critical of Israel after a 1967 anti-Zionist bush-burner by I.F. Stone. The source in question is a venerable *NYR* hand who, like several of his colleagues, has a contributor's quarrel with the journal.

Naturally, I didn't admit everything I fell upon as evidence. Notwithstanding laws of libel, what could I do with the following tale from a strategically placed informant? The lover of an illustrious *NYR* regular supposedly got arrested for performing Greek activities in a subway comfort station. Another illustrious *NYR* regular, a married man of no overt gay tendencies, appeared as a character witness at the subsequent hearing. After the incident was settled, the judge called the defendant's attorney up to the bench and whispered, "The next time you're looking for a character witness for your client, don't bring in someone who's been before me on the same charge." The private lives of the New York intelligentsia border on Bloomsbury. The most fascinating "dirty little secret" involves two distinguished gentlemen of longstanding friendship who have fathered children with the same mistress. Some day this monkey business will be announced to a candid world; meanwhile, it's none of your business or mine.

Who really queered me at *Atlantic*? Manning insists the decision was his. . . However, I learned of evil influence

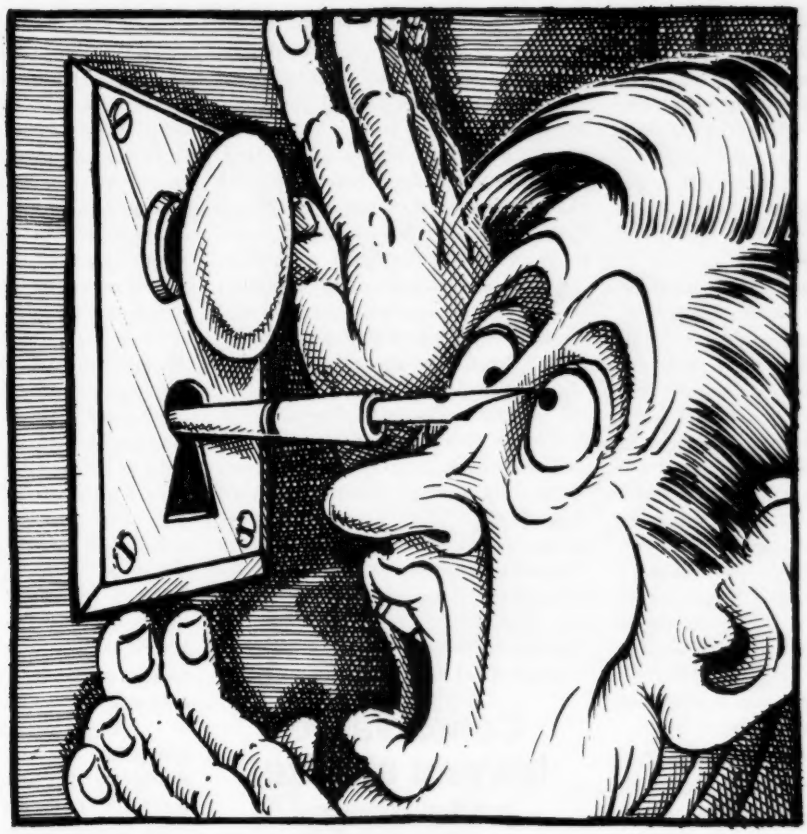
Atlantic was quite pleased with the installments that poured in over the summer of 1971. Curtis kept urging me to dam the swollen chronicle (which eventually crept up to 200 pages) and make my conclusion, but I wouldn't be rushed. Constant leads I could not ignore prevented a Procrustean finish. Besides, Curtis and I figured we had a book here for Atlantic Monthly Press, no matter how the article went. *Atlantic* was sufficiently confident in the incomplete manuscript to schedule it for the November issue.

I forked over the final 40 pages in early October. For the next six weeks Curtis could only say that the article was still under consideration. He admired it endlessly, but he wasn't the boss. Swell. After six months of unalloyed praise for my reportage, the magazine's sudden indecision was infuriating. Silvers spread the canard that *Atlantic* ran an accuracy test and found me wanting. Although *Atlantic* editor-in-chief Robert Manning flatly denies Silver's rejection story, it makes a great deal more sense than his own. According to Manning, "the essential essence, the raison d'être" was absent. The piece was "seriously flawed" for two reasons: "the inordinate length and the absence of an intellectual assessment of the *Review*'s role in contemporary American literary and political life. The *Review* is the central exhibit of a phenomenon known as the politicization of the American [make that New York] intelligentsia, and for a reputable publication to print this manuscript without meticulous attentions to that phenomenon would be, I think, a mistake for the magazine and a failure to deliver on promise to its audience."

Baloney. First, it was apparent almost from the beginning that I would not submit an ordinate length manuscript on such a complex subject; Curtis and I often conversed on the inevitable editing. Second, if the "politicization of the American intelligentsia" is so crucial to a history of the *New York Review*, shouldn't Manning or somebody have instructed me beforehand to pay "meticulous attention" to this phenomenon or else? How ex post facto can you get? Maybe all could have been saved by a judicious rewrite. But I was never consulted.

What or who really queered me at the *Atlantic*? Manning insists the decision was his alone. I believe him. However, I learned an evil influence intruded on the deliberations. A fellow on the press staff with close ties to the *Review* boys argued that I had them awfully wrong. The magazine would be "embarrassed in New York" if they published my piece. My unseen accuser's motion carried. Instead of calling me in for cross-examination, Manning washed his hands of *Intellectual Skywriting*.

Esquire was my last resort. (Merle Miller, author of *Plain Speaking*, was already about a joint profile of Jason Epstein and Norman Podhoretz for the *Times Magazine*, and chances at *Harper*'s seemed remote owing to the presence of associate editor Nelson Aldrich, a pal of



Silvers'.) They were anxious to do the *Review* and had assigned misanthrope critic John Simon to the task. Simon couldn't quite corral his animadversions, so the coast was clear for me. Then *Esquire* editor Harold Hayes located the missing raison d'être without difficulty and bought the piece instantly. A 90-page edition was carved out and the magazine's research department started checking facts with the principals.

To my astonishment, the *Review* cold-shouldered *Esquire*'s initial contacts. At the first mention of my piece, Silvers said he didn't speak to any writer about *NYR*. Publisher A. Whitney Ellsworth, an amiable font of data when we met, swallowed his tongue on the slightest verification. He wouldn't even confirm his natural mother's name. Jason Epstein refused to return phone calls. Lest you deem Silvers unsporting—he did offer to correct the piece if Hayes would kindly surrender it to him before publication. Otherwise, he might have to sue for damages. Why was the *Review* so nervous about something they hadn't even seen? They were nervous, I later discovered, precisely because they had seen. Jason Epstein admitted to Merle Miller that he possessed a pirated copy of the manuscript at the same time he was avoiding *Esquire*.

Harold Hayes staunchly resisted the *Review*'s pressure. *Esquire*'s counsel, Harold Medina Jr., the attorney who successfully represented Life magazine in the landmark Supreme Court Hill decision which advanced constitutional protection in privacy matters also stood fast against *NYR*'s federal case. But David Levine, the *Review*'s beloved caricaturist, was my mightiest ally. How unfair could I have been if Levine consented to do the accompanying drawings of Silvers, the Epsteins and Ellsworth? Outraged by the *Review*'s intransigence, Hayes struck upon a warped scheme as the article went to press. *Esquire* would leak a phony conclusion rife with defamation just to get the *Review*'s goat. Cooler heads prevailed.

After "A Review of the New York Review" hit the streets, Hayes and Silvers exchanged some spirited correspondence. A four-page lollapalooza from Silvers roused Hayes to this parting retort.

> To say the least, I find it surprising that a paper noted for the free exchange of ideas and the criticism of institutions should now feel obliged to go on at such length about its own right to be exempted from the scrutiny secured by those principles. And even more surprising that you would claim foul play in your letter to me, Nobile and Charterhouse, and then cite *Esquire* as a source of high praise in your New York *Times* advertisement selling new subscriptions.

Hayes was referring to a full-page *Times Book Review* ad (June 4, 1972) that opened and closed with two of my quotes: *"The premier literary-intellectual journal in the English language"* and *"As intellectual review: The New York Review of Books is tops—the Colosseum and the Louvre Museum."* This is called bleeding the hand that slights you.

The *Review* did not sue *Esquire*, but Charterhouse and I are still liable to have our day in court if *Intellectual Skywriting* incites the litigious instincts of the *New York Review*. To preclude that possibility and to protect his own reputation, Richard Kluger invited *NYR* through Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft to quit kidding around. He would be only too happy to expunge untruths from *Intellectual Skywriting*, but couldn't the plaintiff give him a clue? Thus, he replied to Cadwalader's letter of warning:

> It would seem to me to be in the interests of all the parties concerned with the book—your client, our author, our company, and the literary community in general—for your client to indicate as specifically as possible and as soon as possible

what sections of Mr. Nobile's article offended it [them]. I formally make this request without in any way being either defensive about Mr. Nobile's *Esquire* article or hostile to you or your client. In the interests of accuracy and fairness, this is the time for these matters to be faced; it will save everyone time, money and potential anguish.

If your client believes, however, that it cannot tolerate a book, however favorable on balance in its judgment of *The Review*, because it is less than totally adulatory and wishes to intimidate the publisher, then no constructive purpose is served.

Because I believe that your firm would not knowingly be party to an unconscionable attempt to prevent by intimidation the publication of responsible criticism, I trust that we will hear from you in the near future about the specific nature of Mr. Nobile's alleged or real errors. We will then be in a position to eliminate any factual inaccuracies.

Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft brushed aside Kluger's good-faith request: their client would not assume Charterhouse's editorial functions. Apparently the *Review* would rather risk being publicly libeled than privately divulge what they hold libelous. In the opinion of a famed literary lawyer I huddled with, *NYR* blew its brief right there. "Since the test for libel is known falsity," he said, "the offer by Kluger demonstrated that there was no recklessness and certainly no known falsity. Turning it down would put them out of court if they sued."

Kluger, formerly executive editor of Simon & Schuster and editor-in-chief of Atheneum as well as editor of the *Herald Tribune Book World*, pounced on the manuscript anyway. He marked up the expanded 400 pages with the zeal of a Seventh-Day Adventist exegete—not once, but twice. We trudged through the text line by line for five months of give and take until he rid himself of almost every doubt. Five or six problem areas he reserved for Nancy Wechsler.

In November of 1972 I repeated the tooth-comb analysis with a junior associate of Wechsler's firm. The fellow examined notes and correspondence to determine the integrity of quotes and attributions. He urged repaving a few passages and toning down an adjective here or there. I felt for sure he'd outlaw the "flaming-gay-aesthetic" reference to Susan Sontag, but he let it ride after reading the woman's review of *Flaming Creatures* and "Notes on Camp." We seemed to fix the major rough spots to our mutual satisfaction. All Wechsler had to do was mop up, or so Kluger and I thought. She fooled us good. Concerned by the vigorous demurrers *Intellectual Skywriting* provoked, she sifted through the manuscript picking out fresh fragments of dubiety. In March of 1973, a month before the original publication date, she uncorked a 35-page, single-spaced Talmud raising 300 points of contention. Among other no-nos, Wechsler admonished against: excerpting from a short story allegedly about Bob Silvers; including Silvers' quotes from an old *Time* file; declaring that the editors of *NYR* were "heirs to the effects of original sin"; referring to Lady Grace Dudley, one of the world's richest women, as Silvers' "lady friend"; using Saul Bellow's descriptions of Barbara Epstein which ran in *Esquire*; calling Silvers a JFK "assassination groupie," Eugene Genovese a "Peking Professor," Daniel Moynihan an "American-Firster," Andrew Kopkind a "champion" of riot, Noam Chomsky, et. al., "platoon leaders" of *NYR*, Michael Harrington an "opponent" of the New Left antiwar movement or Norman Podhoretz and Jason Epstein the "odd couple" of the N.Y. literary set. No absolutely crucial passages were at stake, but an intolerable number of nice touches and make-or-break nuances would have been scratched if Wechsler had her way totally. I won some and lost some.

Conservative lawyers are like knife-happy surgeons who cut off your leg for a tumor on the toe—just to be sure

For example: Bob Silvers is very antsy about being quoted. Too many bad experiences, you know. Therefore, on-the-record statements became inoperative and quotes that were merely to be "checked" eventually needed "authorization." *New York Review*'s advisory editor Elizabeth Hardwick pulled the same trick: initially, she merely wished to "see" quotes, per our understanding, to be certain of accuracy. Yet she subsequently wrote Kluger that her position had always been that nothing would be attributed without "consent." A comparison of Hardwick's *Esquire* and Charterhouse correspondence showed a sensational reverse of field for a middleaged critic. Wechsler was compelled to throw Hardwick's case out on the grounds of conflicting testimony—her own. Having established this precedent, Wechsler should have dumped Silvers, too. But instead she resurrected an obscure sentence in one of my *Esquire* period letters to Silvers in which I promised not to reproduce quotes from a particular interview. I meant *not* in Esquire, not not *ever*. Since Silvers never exploited this far-out interpretation to his own advantage, did Wechsler have to do it for him? You bet. All the Thomistic dialectic I summoned from past schooling did not move her a jot. Thanks to Wechsler's perverse grit, I was stuck with unsightly circumlocutions in the *Epilogue* as I erased the quote marks around Silvers' speech.

Now you get the picture. For an author, hell is not other people, but conservative literary lawyers. They're like knife-happy surgeons who amputate your leg for tumor on the toe—just to be sure. It's blood-curdling what solicitous attorneys can do to a manuscript for your own welfare.

Kluger and I negotiated during the spring and into the summer of 1973. I stubbornly battled to restore Wechsler's cuts while he labored on via media. Much to his disappointment and mine, Eve Auchincloss gummed up the works. Kluger thought that Charterhouse would sleep easier if someone proximate to *NYR* and its ethos would vouch for my perceptions. Auchincloss seemed perfect for the mission. As a former employee of the *Review* and a sophisticated woman about town, she could assure whether *Intellectual Skywriting* was on target or off.

Vindication at last. Eve was not only a principal source, but a friend. She couldn't do enough for me, even at the risk of further alienating Bob and Barbara, whom she drifted away from after her resignation in 1967. In a steady stream of letters, phone calls and meetings over a three-year period, she introduced me to her valuable sources, uncovered fascinating details about *NYR* personalities and added to her own confessions. After savoring the *Esquire* piece, Eve said I had surpassed Gay Talese's *The Kingdom and the Power*, couldn't fathom why anyone save Podhoretz and Jason Epstein would be offended and hoped the book would be toothier. I showed her the final manuscript long before her formal reading. The prospect of eventual publication amused her. Only a few weeks before Kluger assigned her to judge the validity of the book, she wrote me concerning a blabbermouth poet she had just met who would be a veritable gold mine on Silvers. I thanked heaven for Auchincloss. With a stroke of

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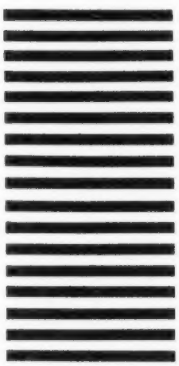


her pen, she would ratify the virtue of *Intellectual Skywriting*.

I didn't know all about Eve until her venomous memo to Kluger surfaced. Suddenly, I got that Al Dreyfus feeling. Mild xenophobia is the anti-Semitism of the intelligentsia and I was the invading barbarian. As *NYR* critic Robert Mazzocco wisecracked to Kluger, matching me with *The New York Review of Books* was like asking Walter Winchell to gloss *A la rèchèrche du temps perdu*. For Eve, the book that she always cheered was now clumsy, vulgar, confused, crude, tendentious and so deplorable that she could not recommend publishing it in any form.

I despaired. Coming off a week's research at the National Cancer Institute, I was in no shape for the new Auchincloss. I remember standing on the shuttle line at Washington National rehearsing a long list of deceits and betrayals with David Halberstam, who was then still smarting from McCarthy's *NYR* hatchet job. "The bastards," he muttered in disgust. "They [the *NYR*] masquerade as serious people, but they're petty and frivolous. Nothing is real to them." However, Kluger distrusted Auchincloss' deposition because she stuck to literary analysis instead of the facts. He petitioned Wechsler on my behalf:

> You do not know Eve, of course, but I had every reason to believe she was . . ., as Phil's correspondence from her suggests, a friend of the project. Yet she admitted to me on the phone that she telephoned Ronald Steel and told him about his quotes (against my specific request that she keep this review process totally confidential), thereby prompting his letter to me. Eve said, when confronted with this development: "Well, he's a friend of mine, too." For all we know, Steel (a friend of the *Review*) came over and read the ms. and urged her to write her very hostile memo. The Steel business was a plain breach of faith, for our money. More than that, I infer from it and from Phil's memo and the correspondence between them that something has produced a clear change of heart on her end . . . and I don't know what. The upshot of which is that I find most of her memo unhelpful if not irrelevant—and seemingly willful.

Despite the folly of the Auchincloss gambit, Kluger's persistently skillful editing ultimately snatched a victorious manuscript from the jaws of Nancy Wechsler. Although I prefer the French version, I am at peace with the final product. *Intellectual Skywriting* is a modest book. Begging to differ with the early Auchincloss, I would not place it in the same class with *The Kingdom and the Power* (and neither did the 17 houses that rejected the manuscript before Charterhouse). Talese's masterpiece is a far more ambitious undertaking. For instance, when I discussed *Skywriting* with Talese he wondered if I were heading up to New England to track down Jason Epstein's family. Talese pondered the *Review* story himself once and that's how he would have blocked out his own research. However, on my budget I couldn't manage Mineola, Long Island, to visit Silvers' ancestral home.

In sum: *Intellectual Skywriting* is not the definitive history of *The New York Review of Books*, but it's probably all the history one would care to know.

Acknowledgments

I must not leave without a tip of the fedora to: Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, who despised the *Esquire* version as much as Silvers but refrained from legal terrorism anyway; Richard Gilman for sticking by testimony which unintentionally embarrassed a colleague; all those interviewees who, unlike Stanley Kauffmann, did not backpedal on second reflection; an unnamed *Review* star who swore to sever connections with the journal if a suit were filed; and to Eve Auchincloss, the Sarah Siddons Award for best performance in a supporting role. ●

Tom & Dick & Harry & John

A night at The Troubadour in L.A. —or, how John Lennon and Harry Nilsson disrupted the Smothers Brothers' gala opening

By Bill Cardoso

It was a very big night for the Smothers Brothers—the first Los Angeles engagement in five years for the comebacking song-and-insight men who were driven from their top-rated television show by CBS on Good Friday of 1969. Those in the show business were anticipating the opening at The Troubadour, the top of the clubs, mecca-by-default. Ah, Smothers Brothers redux. Yes, it was a very major night, this 12th of March. And into the valley of West Hollywood rode the four hundred: Paul Newman among them, and Flip Wilson, Helen Reddie, Lily Tomlin, Peter Lawford, Judy Carne, Leonard Nimoy, Cliff Robertson and Dina Merrill, and Harry Nilsson and. . . ah yes. . . John Lennon.

This is the new accessible John Lennon, now living in Los Angeles (apart from wife Yoko Ono back in New York). He has been making the scene. A few weeks earlier at the same Troubadour he arrived with a Kotex pad on his head and was soon involved in a fuss with a waitress. "Do you know who I am?" Lennon demanded. "Yeah, some asshole with a Kotex on his head," the waitress scorched back.

An aging bad boy of New England journalism, Bill Cardoso now operates out West, where he writes frequently for Rolling Stone.

This night was to be different. Somewhat. As if the sanitary napkin imbroglio were but Grapefruit League prelude.

To begin with, Lennon arrived well before the sold-out Smothers' second show with an attractive Oriental woman—unidentified other than to have been called "Sam" at one point during the about-to-be-confusing events—and Nilsson, a well-regarded singer-songwriter himself.

While still in the back of the house, John and Harry began singing barbershop harmonies on a song called "I Can't Stand the Rain," which had been performed recently at The Troubadour by Ann Peebles. Free-lance photographers, present because of the import of the Smothers' comeback and the attendant star-studded audience, crowded around. A photographer took a picture. "Fuck You!" snapped Lennon. "Did you say fuck you to me?" the photographer, a goodly-sized man, inquired. "I said fuck you to the waitress," Lennon claimed. "Well, fuck you," replied the passing waitress, pained but soon assuaged by Troubadour proprietor Doug Weston.

The Lennon party was seated and Tom and Dick Smothers walked on stage before an appreciative home-folk crowd.

Lennon erupted.

The publican, Weston, thought it must have been the cognac. "He was a bitch of a heckler."

It was good-natured at first. Yet there was no end.

Kenny Fritz, the Smothers' longtime manager, a man of cherubic comport, hastened to the table and addressed Nilsson, his friend. "Harry, c'mon you know you're one of Tommy's best friends. . ." Harry protested that there was little he could do. (Nilsson's attitude was characterized by Weston as being rather "Irish pubbish," which implies something about his efficacy as a peacemaker, or an interest in the donnybrook.)

"Ah, bullshit," whispered Fritz. "Just shut up."

Lennon grabbed Kenny Fritz's tie. ("You know, it was opening night, so I was wearing a tie.") Fritz—mind you, this is in the middle of a show!—thought it best to retreat and play for time and pray for good sense to prevail. But he was incensed as he tactically withdrew. "Here's the man who preaches pacifism!" he flashed.

Lennon's interruptions continued apace. What'd he say? "Nothing that history would bother noting," sniffed Fritz.

It was as if Lennon thought "he and the Smothers were the only people there," Doug Weston recalled.

The Smothers Brothers for a while didn't know who their star heckler was. They had an idea, though. They knew the heckling was coming from the section of the club known as "The Arena," where the record industry people are seated. Plus, Kenny Fritz had told the Brothers that

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD NAIRN/LAUFER CO.

In The "Arena" before the ruckus: Peter Lawford, John, a woman named "Sam" and Harry.

John Lennon and Harry Nilsson were expected at the second show.

Kenny Fritz tried a second time to get Nilsson to shush Lennon.

"If you're not having a good time, man, then just get up and leave," he counseled.

"No, no, this is good give-and-take," advised Nilsson.

Not quite, according to Tom Smothers on stage.

"There is a fine line between bad taste and vulgarity," the elder Smothers declared into the microphone, "and you've just managed to cross over the line."

Fritz thought that was admonition enough to warrant his second departure from the Lennon table.

But Peter Lawford, seated at the table next to Lennon, was now visibly irritated. Enough is enough. Lawford strode to the back of the house and confronted Troubadour manager Chris Walsh. He indicated that if management didn't do something about Lennon, he would.

Meanwhile, Lennon was still interlocuting and Tommy shot back: "I hope your next record bombs."

Walsh, options narrowing rapidly, was forced to drop by the Lennon table. Hard on his heels was an enraged cherub, Kenny Fritz. Walsh told Lennon to be quiet.

"I don't have to shut up. I'm John Lennon."

Fritz moved in a third time. "Hey, look," he said, "there are only two songs to go."

Deaf ears.

"Goddamit," said a suddenly nonnegotiable Kenny Fritz. "Either shut up or get out! You've got two choices!"

Lennon rose to the occasion. He popped Fritz. A good one. A right hand. Flush. Fritz launched three right crosses. Boom-boom-boom. Paintbrushed him. Lennon reached for his drink. He hurled the glass at Fritz. Fritz ducked. The glass sailed across the room and hit a patron on the mouth. (The patron, an unidentified male, was taken to West Hollywood Emergency Hospital. Injury minor. No stiches. No complaint.) The contents of Lennon's drink streamed down Fritz's face. "I don't know what he was drinking, but goddamn it was sticky. My hair's still matted."

While the sticky libation was still a rainbow curving in air, Troubadour *starkas* pounced upon the baddest Beatle. Arms pinned, Lennon was reintroduced to the night air and deposited on Santa Monica Boulevard. Nilsson and the lady known as Sam, departing under their own steam, met him on the sidewalk.

On stage, Tom Smothers commented, "It's too bad he couldn't stay around to hear this," and introduced Nilsson's "I Guess the Lord Must Be in New York City" from the movie *Midnight Cowboy*.

Lennon, a demonstrated Midnight Cowboy in his own right, got the gate at 12:20 a.m., according to Los Angeles County deputy sheriffs. He is said to have slugged a free-lance photographer at curbside. "He hit me over the right eye," complained Brenda Mary Perkins, 50, to police.

For an opening night it was some test," whewed Dickie Smothers after the show of shows.

The next night the flowers arrived.

Said the message attached to the white carnations: "To Doug Weston and staff: Please accept the flowers as a token of our appreciation for the way you handled an embarrassing situation. We apologize for the scene. John Lennon and Harry Nilsson."

Said the message affixed to the chrysanthemums: "To Tom and Dick: Please accept these flowers as a gesture of peace. We humbly apologize for our bad manners. Love and tears, John and Harry."

Shortly after the flowers came Nilsson.

There was much hugging and embracing in Weston's office. "Harry threw his arms around me," Fritz admitted.

"It's all cooled out," Weston admitted.

All's well that ends well, they say. Even so, John Lennon adopted a low profile. For the nonce. ●

IVORY
COOK
BOOK

They are what they eat?

A run-down of what foods and other goodies top rock performers demand while on the road

By Gregory Jaynes

"The needs of the group and crews are quite essential in bringing about a good show, so your help in attaining this is greatly appreciated."—the contract for Bob Dylan and The Band's recent cross-country tour

A chef named Dave Abbott had just gotten over the indignity he had suffered at the hands of a rock group called The Who when they put him to work preparing food for the Grateful Dead. He worked 12 hours to satisfy a rider in the Dead's contract that demanded Danish rolls for 24; a fruit platter for 20; a deli platter for 20; a cheese platter for 20; and, according to the contract, "a roast beef dinner with full condiments. A room with tablecloth, candles, centerpiece, etc., for 15." That done, Abbott went home. "And I want to tell you I was flat tired and I started drinking," he recalls.

"So about 10:30 that night I get this phone call and they say, 'You'd never guess what they want now. They want 27 New York strips.' I hit the ceiling. I said they could fire me. I don't care. Rock shows are a pain in the ass. So my boss said he'd take care of it. You know what he has to do? He has to go out to an all-night grocery and buy steaks and potatoes—he already had the stuff for the salads—and he comes back and prepares it himself. Jesus, can you imagine that? All for some off-the-wall rock group?

"Listen. Let me tell you what happened last night. We got this group, Black Sabbath it was, playing. No sweat. Eleven hot meals, three cold-cut trays, a cheese tray and two fruit plates. So I fix them all and take them into their dressing room.

"So I come to work this morning and I go to their dressing room and it floored me. It never fails to floor me. It looked like a tornado hit the room. My food—*my food!*—was all over the walls. It was all over the floor. You couldn't walk for all the cans and bottles. They had a half a pineapple stuck to the ceiling. How do you stick a damn pineapple to a ceiling?

"It makes me sick. They're animals, all of them, just animals. I take pride in my work. I give them quality food. I take a lot of time with it. And they don't even look at it. They throw it at each other. They're animals."

Dave Abbott is the chef for a 17,000-seat arena in Atlanta. At 31, he is a fleshy little guy who says he can feel the symptoms of a nervous breakdown every time he receives word that a new rock group has been booked in. His problems are shared by the chefs in every other major city in which a concert artist performs. It's all there in the riders in the contracts. You agree to book the show, you agree to feed it.

"Now, the one thing you don't see on your basic riders are the requests for girls," one of the most enterprising booking agents in the Southeast says. "A lot of your American acts, they're really kind of shy. They try to use me as a go-between. They get through playing and they get off the stage and by the time they come out, everybody's gone.

"There are usually some girls hanging out at their hotel, but those girls are always too young. These guys in the American groups are just horny guys on the road.

"And you know what's funny? The equipment guys. They're so accessible, you know, tearing down, setting up the equipment. They get all the snatch."

But nocturnal companionship may be the only demand not made by touring concert artists. "Odd-ass requests," says chef Abbott. "They're all odd-ass requests. I have to hustle myself down a vegetarian store and I find myself in line waiting on freshly ground carrot juice and celery juice. They all want this imported mineral water. Isaac Hayes, he's on this vegetarian kick, only he's got to have vegetarian Chinese food. So here I am at a Chinese restaurant ordering chicken chow mein—hold the chicken.

Gregory Jaynes, a NEW TIMES *correspondent, is a reporter on the Atlanta* Constitution.

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN FEDULLO

"Did I tell you what happened with The Who? Oh, they were sweet. They have to have flaming shish kebab on sterling silver service, French service, with linen napkins and tablecloths and only the best china. I got two portable barbecue grills and I fix 20 for them, right outside the door here. We made a big tray of vegetables to serve on the side.

"I wheeled it in 10 minutes before they were supposed to eat. I was all ready to pour the brandy and light them and they don't even look at it. They said they decided to eat after the show. I said it'd dry out. I can't make it raw again.

"Meanwhile their manager orders a 100-pound cake they were gonna throw around the room. You know what they do? They finish the show and leave, taking the cake with them. I'm left with 20 dried-out shish kebab on French silver service. I tell you they're gonna pay for my aggravation. That was my birthday, too. *My birthday*!"

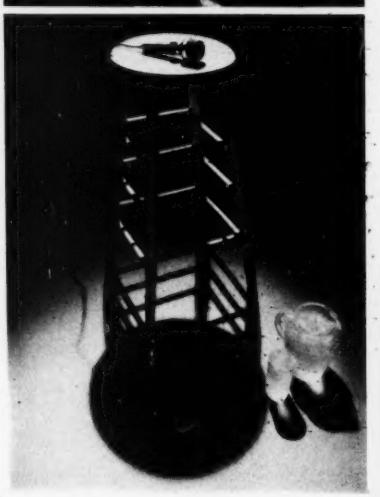
Scrounging through the contracts of most of the current big touring acts, you find that the whims of concert artists range from outrageous to meager. The Who, a group Dave Abbott so effectively maligned, required $1,500 worth of food and drink in Atlanta and that was only a small part of the group's 10-page rider. "Purchaser shall, rejoicing, provide . . ." it said and went on to demand 50 security officers, all wearing The Who T-shirts. They also needed "a constant supply, including, but not limited to, beer, coffee, tea, sandwiches, cakes." They also needed a telephone with direct outgoing and incoming lines "which do not pass through any switchboard" so they could call anywhere in the world.

In contrast, Elvis Presley requires six Coca-Colas and a pitcher of water. "He even drank the Cokes," Abbott recalls, "and put the cans in the wastebasket. And that was all he asked for, honest." ●

Here's a list of some of the more interesting riders, large and small. They were obtained from a handful of the nation's biggest, and most exasperated, booking agents.

Allman Brothers Band—Steak dinners; five gallons of spring water on stage; 20 cases of beer and two cases of Mateus rosé wine.

George Carlin—A stool; a spotlight; a microphone; two quarts of cold water. "Note: light unnecessary."



Joe Cocker—Eight limos and two cases of Dom Perignon, 1966.

Bob Dylan and The Band—Three cases of domestic beer; three cases of canned Coke; three cases of Seven-Up; two bottles of wine, red and white; two gallons of bottled distilled water; one gallon of orange juice (fresh); one gallon of apple cider (fresh); 150 pounds of ice; one medium-cooked roast beef, unsliced; one casserole-type vegetable dish; one fish dish; salad with no meat or fish. "Note: The meal for the group is to be served gourmet st le in the tuning room, unless there is a dining-room facility in the hall. The food is to be served in buffet-style warmers. Complete service for 10 is desired."

Chicago—"Two limousines and a lot of power," says one promoter. "More power than anybody needs. Chicago needs about 800 amps."

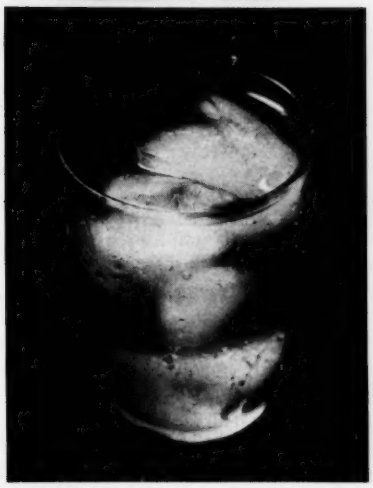
Glen Campbell—Twenty-seven local musicians; a private dressing room with bath; fresh towels; hot coffee; soft drinks; ice; glasses.

John Denver—A six-pack of beer; a six-pack of Seven-Up; hot tea. "It costs less than $10 to satisfy Denver," the booking agent claims. "He even rents his own station wagon and drives it to the gate."

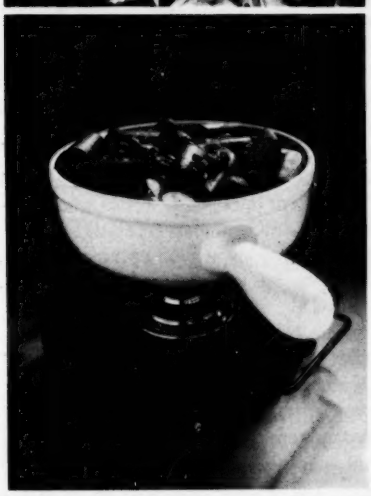
The Carpenters—Five dressing rooms with showers; one dozen towels; soap; coffee and soft drinks. "One dressing room shall include an iron and ironing board."

Emerson, Lake and Palmer—Ten hot meals; one case of beer; two quarts of Perrier/Vichy spring water; two quarts of milk; two quarts of fresh orange juice; one bottle of St. Emilion, 1967; one bottle of Soave, white Italian; one case of Seven-Up; one case of Coca-Cola; fruit, salad and cheese ("good quality").

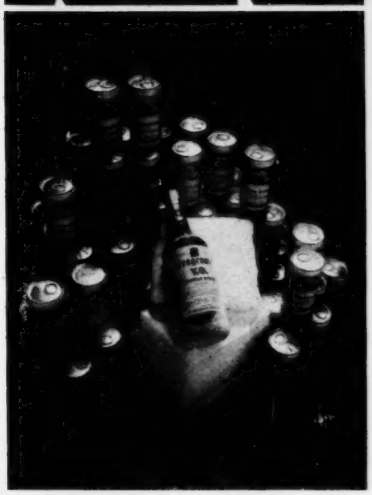
Arlo Guthrie—Ice water.



Bette Midler—Franks and beans on buffet-style warmers.



Alice Cooper—Fifty pounds of dry ice; one quart of Seagram's VO; two limos; one bus; one station wagon; three cases of Budweiser; three cases of Michelob; one gallon of apple juice; one gallon of orange juice; one case of Coca-Cola; one-half case of ginger ale; one color TV set in Alice Cooper's dressing room. "Note: This is to be placed in a cooler with ice in Alice Cooper's dressing room. The beer must be in bottles and must be available at setup times. Cans of beer are not acceptable. Additional foods are permissible."



Sonny and Cher—Hors d'oeuvres; finger sandwiches; fruit selection; one-half gallon of grapefruit juice; six Tabs; six root beers; one case of Coca-Cola; "stage must be dressed, skirted and carpeted."

Cat Stevens—Northern Italian food. "No spaghetti or lasagna for this guy," the booking agent moans. "You ever tried to find Northern Italian food in Greenville, S. C.?"

Neil Young—Two nine-foot Steinway grand pianos tuned to A-440 concert pitch; 10 cops; four "star dressing rooms with keys."

Al Green—A deli platter; three bottles of imported champagne; one bottle of vodka; one bottle of gin; one bottle of Seagram's VO; one bottle of bourbon; one bottle of Scotch; one case of beer; six quarts of ginger ale; six quarts of bitter lemon; 10 dozen long-stem roses.

Engelbert Humperdinck—Six clean towels; 12 glasses; ice; water; pitcher; 40 uniformed officers.

Kris Kristofferson—A dressing room.

Liza Minnelli—"Well, all the riders were technical, lighting and stuff," the promoter says. "She was a real jewel to work with. Only, before they got here, they called and asked for food and beverages to be ready at the hotel when they arrived. It was quite a hassle getting it at 4 a.m. I told her people it would cost $350 and they said fine with them. I didn't know I was paying for it. What do you do, sue?"

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus—Fifteen rooms; 45 tables; 165 chairs; 10 coat racks; 15 trash containers (emptied daily!); space for eight animal trainers; a bandstand; 15 local musicians; many dumpsters for the deposit of animal waste.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN NEIL COOPER AND LOU FLOTTE

MOVIES

Norman Rockwell children running amuck

By Frank Rich

The house is empty—unless you count the fresh corpse lying in the basement. And the house is pretty, too—if beauty can be defined according to *The Saturday Evening Post*'s sunny cover visions of America, c. 1959. It's an airy, gingerbread house, with flower-flecked wallpaper, a plethora of porches and white chiffon curtains that dangle in the languid breeze; outside there are massive trees that break up the expanse of weedless, green lawn, and other trees that arch and embrace the wide, quiet street beyond that. . . . Only something is wrong with the picture. The house has been drenched in kerosene—the house and everything that's in it, including the middleaged male corpse in the cellar—and Kit, a 25-year-old who looks like James Dean and has just lost his job as a garbage man, stands out front, ready to light a fuse he has painstakingly devised on this solitary night in Fort Dupree, South Dakota.

Like magicians' flash paper, the fuse ignites all at once, glaring and sizzling. The fire enters the house, greedily grabbing up a religious oil painting on a wall, a bed, some dolls, a doll house, the piano in the parlor, sheet music, the drapes, the body underground. The fire renders everything black—the heavy couches, the worn easy chairs, the stolid dark wood bureaus—then reduces the charred hulks to brittle skeletons, whose bones scatter and whirl amidst the gold. But there are no witnesses to watch the cruel magic of the flames: Kit and his 15-year-old girlfriend Holly vanish almost immediately into the darkness. . . . And you can hardly blame them—for the house is Holly's house and the dead man in the basement is Holly's father, whom Kit had murdered only a few hours earlier while Holly looked on.

Terrence Malick's first movie, **Badlands,** tells what happens to Kit and Holly in the aftermath of this, their first, unpremeditated crime. It's a story of escape and isolation, of other murders soon to follow and of a romance so abjectly banal it raises nothingness to the intensity of a screech. But overriding all of *Badlands'* concerns is the terror that's implicit in ordinary, mundane things, like Holly's house and its Sears-catalog furnishings. A fire may be a fire, but the one that takes place near the outset of *Badlands* has an eerie shape that sets it apart from those of other movies and everyday life. If you can imagine Edward Hopper and Rene Magritte collaborating on a painting, then I think you'll begin to see what the fire that rips through Holly's plaintively mid-American home is like.

On the other hand, to try and talk about Malick's highly tuned pictorial sense with a critical vocabulary may well be a doomed academic exercise—as ludicrous in its way as programming a computer to analyze Keats. *Badlands* is

Holly (Sissy Spacek) and Kit (Martin Sheen), the ultimate hollow Americans, in Terrence Malick's *Badlands*.

the kind of triumph of cinematic imagination to which words can never do complete justice; it succeeds precisely because it unfolds in unique and memorable visual terms. Though working loosely from a sensational episode of real-life history (murderer Charley Starkweather's rampage of the 1950s), Malick makes us feel that only film—not fiction or journalism—can capture the story he wants to tell.

Curiously enough, a key ingredient in the case the director makes for his medium is a verbal device—a diary-like, voice-over narration in which young Holly tells us her presumably innermost thoughts as she hides out with Kit in the forest, necks with him in their getaway car or stands expressionlessly by as he knocks off a variety of unfortunate strangers. But Holly is not your normal storyteller. A freckle-faced baton twirler who describes herself early on as "not popular in school" and having "no personality," she speaks in a voice as flat and colorless as the badlands where her life unravels. Her treasureless trove of language seems to spring half-baked from Dick-and-Jane readers and TV; she lacks any vestige of human feeling. "I don't see what all the talk was about," she remarks after she and the man she loves first have sex together—and it's not until Kit has murdered her father, a whole bevy of bounty hunters and three other innocent victims that Holly observes, matter of factly, that "Kit was the most trigger-happy man I'd ever met."

In this way Malick establishes the bankruptcy of words when it comes to chronicling the exploits of the hopelessly inarticulate. But, like background music, the narrative has its subconscious side effects: the juxtaposition of Holly's bland monologue with the actual, depicted events of the story transforms *Badlands* from routine crime melodrama into an ethereal fairy tale with the high-pitched clarity of an unforgettable dream. The film's atmosphere becomes so hyped-up that the breathtakingly normal artifacts of the setting—the fire, billboards, cumulous clouds—take on a surrealistic shimmer.

Were the context not so warped, Holly and Kit themselves might appear—during their non-criminal moments—to be the essence of drab. If Holly is like a hundred girls every American meets in high school, full of superficial fascinations with geography and eye shadow, Kit is every bit her male counterpart. Although he is proud of his physical resemblance to James Dean, his soul is antithetical to his image. He admires and respects authority as though

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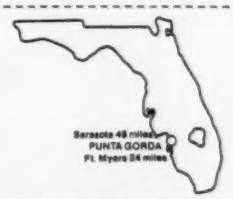

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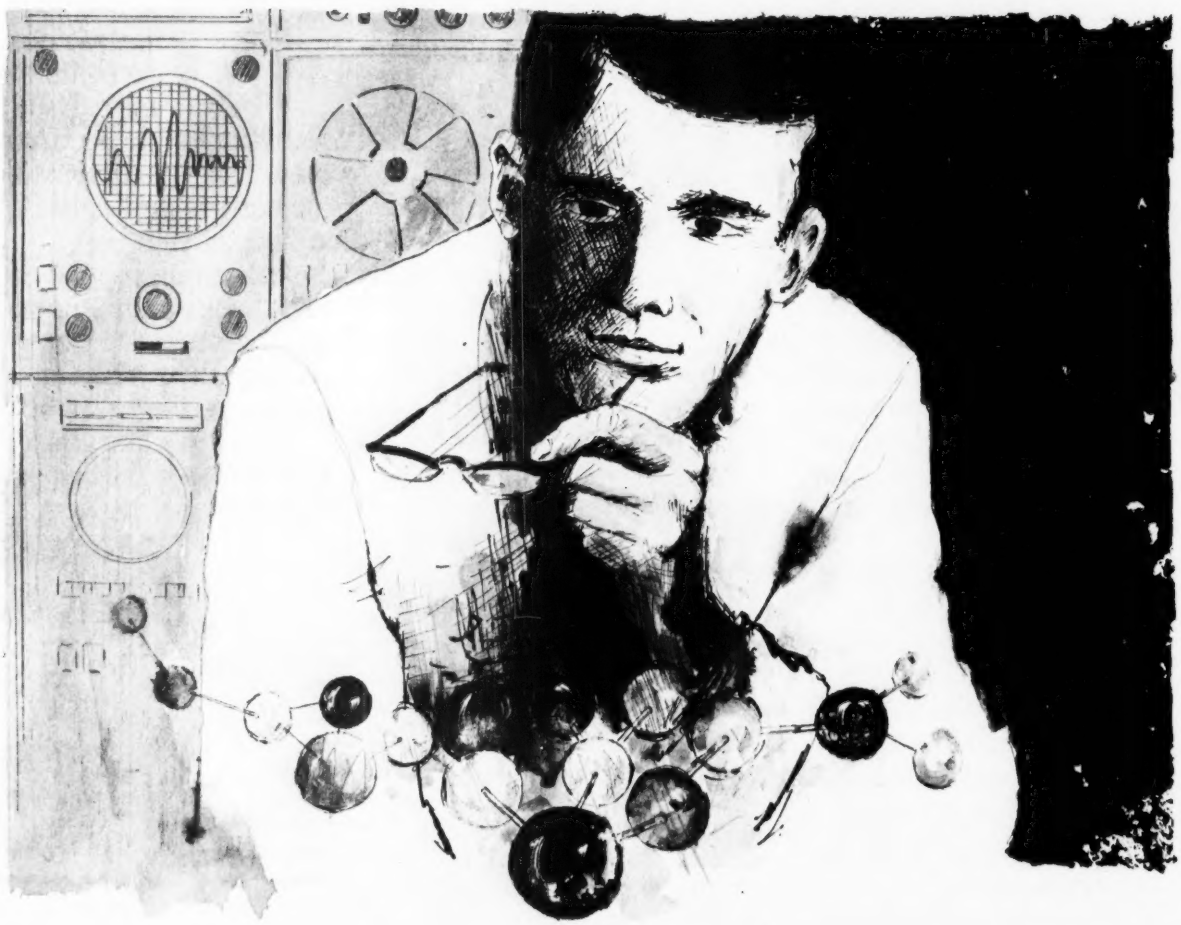


NY 11/4

he still believes everything he was told in the first grade—and even takes time to bad-mouth litterbugs. His favorite singer is Eddie Fisher. When he takes refuge in the *Magnificent Ambersons* -like mansion of a rich man (the only person he meets whom he doesn't kill), Kit self-consciously employs a dictaphone to record, with straight-faced sincerity, his message for posterity: "Listen to your parents and teachers. . . . Try to keep an open mind. Consider the minority opinion, but get along with the majority opinion once it is accepted. . . ."

The chasm between word and deed in *Badlands* is a horrendously sick joke that might be funny were it not so deadly. Kit and Holly may be the ultimate hollow Americans—creatures of the darkest, know-nothing wilderness of our society. Not only are they incapable of thought or moral pangs, but they lack even the base angers that lead other outcasts to commit murder; as lovers, they have neither heated arguments nor shared enthusiasms. They are merely animals who scurry around like Norman Rockwell figurines adrift from civilization and running wild.

Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek, the two leads, do not give the kind of full-blooded performances we tend to admire most in movies; to do so would destroy the film. For Sheen, who has spent much of his career (*The Subject Was Roses,* TV's *That Certain Summer*) playing introspective young men, his *Badlands* performance is a major turnaround—which he brings off perfectly, even to the point of muting his own sex appeal. (Kit is handsome, but abstractly so—like a model.) Spacek is his consummate foil: her pale face and features make her appear camera-shy, as if she were trapped unwittingly in the frame. She's the complete nonentity, a Raggedy-Ann doll.

Even though Malick and his actors do not provide emotions to cling to, the director succeeds in sucking us into his film by challenging us to mesh what we hear and see—in much the same way Donald Barthelme forces us to read between the lines and graphics of his spare, modern horror stories. Against our better emotional instincts, we do join *Badlands*' characters in the void, and, as it turns out, the void is not necessarily ugly. In one remarkable sequence that I'll probably remember as long as I do that disturbing fire, Kit and Holly, now driving straight across the Montana brushscape to avoid roads and police ambushes, stop their stolen Caddy so that they might dance to a Nat King Cole song on the dashboard radio. Outside it is a spacey, end-of-the-world black—no lights or life for miles—but they get out of the car anyway and fox-trot in the illumination of the headlights, which cast infinitely long shadows behind them. The song is "A Blossom Fell" and, as he listens to it, Kit, suddenly full of uncharacteristic sentiment, tells his girl, "If I could sing a song like the way I feel right now, it would be a hit."

Drifting Left Bank aesthete Jean-Pierre Leaud with Madonna-like Francoise Lebrun in Eustache's *The Mother and the Whore.*

Maybe you don't care in your heart what Kit's own song might sound like or even whether he and Holly live or die. But icy visions have their own special appeal, and I don't see how you can fail to care about a filmmaker who has the talent to carve such otherworldly beauty out of the dark.

The Sugarland Express. A lovely, lucid and deeply felt film about a young married couple with a few petty robberies to their record who attempt to rescue their two-year-old son from a foster home—in defiance of Texas welfare and police authorities. The material may sound on the tame side, but director Steve Spielberg and screenwriters Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins have broadened its impact in a number of resourceful ways, not the least of which is their sophisticated approach to the moral issues involved; after the black-or-white theatrics of *Billy Jack* and *Walking Tall, Sugarland* seems an infinitely refreshing exploration of the vagaries of American justice. And, for a movie that is essentially melancholy, there is a good helping of gentle, indigenous humor—all set against the summery, lazy landscape that Spielberg and cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond (*Deliverance, The Long Goodbye*) have found in their chosen slice of Middle America. Much of the film's appeal derives as well from the friendship that gradually develops between the outlaw father and the state trooper he and his wife take as a hostage: by the end of the road, the two men (played with affecting vulnerability by William Atherton and Michael Sacks) become compassionate blood brothers, drawn together by their mutually guileless naiveté. These two fine performances are well complemented by those of Goldie Hawn as the wife (an ex-beautician infatuated with trading stamps) and Ben Johnson as a sheriff who respects humanity more than redneck vigilantes. If you've been wondering what happened to small, unpretentious, well-made American movies, here's your long overdue chance to find out.

The Mother and the Whore. French filmmaker Jean Eustache's 215-minute account of a drifting Left Bank aesthete's entanglement with his garish mistress and a promiscuous nurse is firmly rooted in the streets and flats of post-May '68 Saint Germain—but the picture could just as easily have been set in and around, say, Harvard Square during the same period. No movie to date has better captured the dead-end games bright young university-intellectual types were

playing with their emotional and sexual lives when the tides of radical politics began to ebb at the end of the Vietnam era. As hero Alexandre floats between his women, with stops at various cafes along the way to keep tabs on his friends' latest bullshit-quotients, Eustache's film transforms the put-on and the put-down into the most unlikely poetry; it's as if Paul Morrissey's *Trash* has been crossed with the mid-'60s Godard. Whether the film's extraordinary length is essential to this end, however, is not the clearest of dramatic issues: don't feel too bad if you must stretch your legs from time to time. And though there is a cathartic climax, complete with long and emotionally violent monologues, it seems to be a set piece, arbitrary in form and content—far too easy a way out. New Wave standbys Jean-Pierre Léaud and Bernadette Lafont, as Alexandre and his "mother," are remarkable in roles that comment on and even extend beyond the characters they've been playing for other French directors through the years. Francoise Lebrun brings a troubling, Madonna-like quality to the nurse—the "whore" who is not above inviting herself into bed with the other two protagonists.

The Three Musketeers. For his first movie in a very long time, expatriate American director Richard Lester, whose *Petulia* is one of the authentically great movies of the past decade, has chosen to provide us with another and probably unnecessary remake of Alexandre Dumas' humorous old warhorse of an adventure story. For sheer visual splendor, this is the most beautiful movie to come around since *Don't Look Now* (which, not so incidentally, was the work of ex-Lester cinematographer Nicolas Roeg); the heady romanticism of the graphically picturesque settings (medieval archways, carnival-like streets and lush royal gardens) is a real high. Still, even the dandy high-farce acting turns of Faye Dunaway, Charlton Heston (a supercilious Cardinal Richelieu), Raquel Welch (at last finding herself as a comedienne), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Geraldine Chaplin and Michael York (as D'Artagnan) cannot make a lot of dumb slapstick appear to be funnier than it is; and the abundant loony side jokes, so central to the director's trend-setting mod comedies of the '60s (*The Knack, A Hard Day's Night, Help, A Funny Thing Happened . . .*), have flattened out with time. Oh, where are those four boys from Liverpool now that Richard Lester needs them?

Mame. It's all but un-American not to fall for Patrick Dennis' wacky, fairy godmother of an aunt, but—believe me, friends—it's getting harder every year. This film reincarnation of the Broadway musical looks and sounds like the fifth-hand retelling that it is; there's a tackiness of spirit that tends to turn the glitter to dreck. Paul Zindel's screenplay assumes that the audience is only slightly less familiar with the original Dennis story than it is with the Bible; Gene Saks' direction is primitive and dehydrated—all that's missing is canned laughter. But the biggest turkey on Beekman Place is star Lucille Ball; she sings like Rex Harrison (minus the class and phrasing) and utterly lacks the hint of Bohemian sin that distinguished such Mames as Rosalind Russell and Angela Lansbury. To make matters worse, Saks accommodates the elderly star's wrinkles by shooting her close-ups in soft focus—so gauzy you think you're in a hospital—and when he cuts to another shot, you may get the feeling that two different movies have been spliced together. Bea Arthur still gets her campy laughs as bosom buddy Vera Charles, though she looks like a mannikin wired for sound, and perennial charmer Robert Preston almost makes the high-stepping title number seem fresh. Alas, an awful child actor named Kirby Furlong (as the young Patrick) did not have his voice dubbed in by Mercedes McCambridge or even Gerald McBoing Boing; if W.C. Fields were alive today, I suspect he'd take one look at this pint-sized piece of plastic and kick him down the stairs.

BOOKS

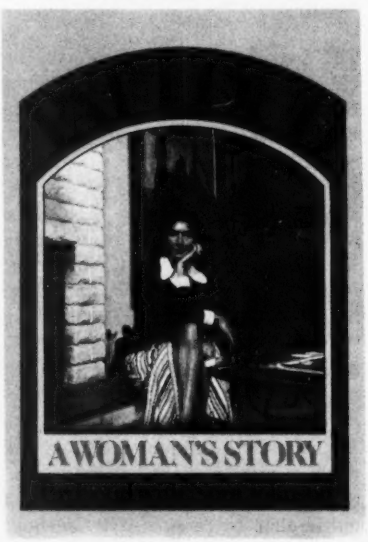
Emerging from the Big Mama cocoon

By Nancy Mayer

Pat Loud: A Woman's Story *by Pat Loud with Nora Johnson*, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 224 pp., $6.95.

The star of *An American Family*—the 12-hour TV series on the William Loud family shown last year—now gives us her version of things. And it is a frightening document on self-deception and the dangers of remaining a child-woman until age 45.

Pat Loud tells us bluntly her book is a "rip-off," and she has been trying to get anything she can from the instant fame brought by the series. The reasons are partly practical, she says, and partly revenge.



As most of us remember, Bill and Pat Loud and their five children, aged 13 to 20, permitted a television crew to film their daily life over a seven-month period. They came across as attractive Californians living in a Santa Barbara ranch house, with a swimming pool, a horse, three dogs, four cars—and little human contact. Their story caused instant uproar—much of it criticizing their lack of communication and denial of unpleasantness. ("The silence of the Louds is a scream whose echoes will shake up America," said Shana Alexander in *Newsweek*.) WNET producer Craig Gilbert claimed he knew if he followed a family around long enough universal truths would emerge. They did. Not surprisingly, though, everyone underscored the sensational: the on-camera decision to divorce, and eldest son Lance's homosexual lifestyle. Despite having seen and

approved every show, Pat Loud recoiled from the reviews by saying she felt "betrayed" and had suffered "psychic damage."

Now she tells her pathetic tale of a woman who has been shockingly unconscious most of her life. Brought up as a Catholic in an old-fashioned Victorian household, she inherited her father's "chronic optimism" and her mother's message that marriage was the ultimate vocation. From an older brother she also learned that a fast, defensive repartee kept people at a distance—and this is the tone of her book. After a lonely adolescence (enlivened by Tyrone Power fantasies), she graduated from Stanford without ambition, failed to find a job and then—aimless and drifting—married Bill in 1950. She hatched her children rapidly—and gloried in being "Mother." From the start that was her "thing." His was running the Coast Cable Company, traveling a lot and having affairs.

For years she ignored all obvious signs of his exploits. Snug in her Big Mama cocoon, she felt the sun would shine on her forever. But in 1966 it all blew up. Enraged at finding lovingly engraved cuff links, she made duplicate keys to Bill's office and raided his files one night when he was away. There she discovered massive evidence of his infidelities—credit-card slips, plane tickets and photographs. After a violent confrontation, she forced him, by phone, to get rid of all his women while she listened on an extension. In a stunned stupor for months, she cross-examined him obsessively about every erotic detail—and began drinking heavily. When Bill argued for sexual freedom, she started picking up men at bars like a robot. But when he urged her to get a job and become more independent, she refused. Over the next few years she threatened divorce several times but always backed off—terrified of being on her own. And so their marriage limped along. Into this mess, then, came producer Gilbert.

At last we get an answer to "Why They Did It?"—the question that intrigued both critics and viewers. Despite their estrangement, the Louds were pushovers for flattery. A natural exhibitionist, Bill was eager. And Pat—after an instant's worry that she would appear a "washed-up harridan" and he a "phallic wonder"—decided her image of dedicated mother and gourmet cook would prevail. Mostly, she wanted to spear Bill's women. She imagined them watching in rented rooms – sloppy breasts spilling from torn housecoats—devastated by this lovely family commercial. *That* would fix them.

Her real reasons revealed, Pat plaintively insists *anybody* would have done it. She is not a woman who can look long at ugly truths about herself. Besides, her previous public stance was lofty. "We really believed," she had said, "that by letting all of us hang out, we might help to free some pent-up soul out there." Another reason surfaces, although she wasn't conscious of it at first: the TV crew and Gilbert gave her the courage-need to divorce. Long unable to do it alone, she used them as her emancipator.

After the filming ended and Bill left, she waited expectantly for the series to begin—naively certain people would empathize with her problems and she would gain a whole new identity. Totally unprepared for reality, she went berserk when the first press release appeared. "I never asked to know this much," she moaned. "It was like the Night of the Files." Self-righteously clinging to her innocence, she felt she had trusted Gilbert and he had betrayed her. Just like Bill.

This is the classic response of the child-woman who has never taken any responsibility for her own life. Instead, she blindly trusts a man and when things turn out badly she screams, "Look what that bastard did to me!" Certainly some women will sympathize with Pat's plight. Taught that marriage and motherhood were gorgeous, women of her generation have all been coping with mid-life traumas: children leaving home, marital stress or break-up and their own unformed work-identity. Despite these common dilemmas, I suspect Pat Loud reached her mid-40s considerably more infantilized, and out of touch with her feelings, than most women. Her lack of self-awareness and her inability to face life's darker side are truly staggering. Even at the book's end we sense the fragility of her new insights.

Despite its self-serving intent, Pat Loud's story of stunted growth is an effective brief for the urgent feminist cry that women should take themselves and their lives seriously from an early age. Or be in for a brutal awakening much later.

MUSIC

Live albums can be deadly—or top-notch souvenirs

By Janet Maslin

The souvenir racket was a lot simpler 20 years ago. You went to the circus and sulked until somebody bought you a little whirly flashlight on a chain, so that long after the show was over you could take the thing out and give it a spin, thereby stirring up all manner of fond twinges. But nowadays, if you're still heading for that same hockey arena, it's probably to watch a circus of a rather more sophisticated ilk, and simple little flashlights will no longer do. Special rock shows can generate special paraphernalia—Elvis Presley posters, Bob Dylan T-shirts—but for the most part it's the live albums that make the most evocative mementos of all. (The ultimate souvenir album thus far is, of course, *Woodstock*. The foremost examples of carrying the idea too far are *Woodstock II*, *Fillmore* and any recording of anything at Big Sur.)

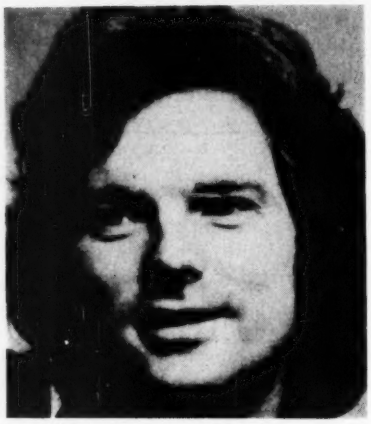
Live pop albums don't have to settle for going the souvenir route, but it's such an easy out that few performers seem able to resist. For one thing, a live album is often a means of squeezing new mileage and revenue out of old songs (although it can also offer the artist a chance to record his less commercial favorites); for another, making one can be relatively easy to do. You can include miked-up applause, audience catcalls and long, saggy jams all in the name of "atmosphere," and your fans may not even mind. In fact, sufficient sloppiness may even work in your favor, if it serves to remind the fans of the actual show.

Not every rock act is as genuinely slipshod as, say, the Faces when it comes to concert recordings. Most everyone else takes a certain basic interest in lining up adequate material, seeing that all the

instruments get recorded and generally making sure the finished product doesn't sound like Amateur Night in somebody's basement playroom. But even the most competently made live albums, featuring the best artists doing their best material, can turn out to be relative duds. Live recording is a tricky business, with its own special standards to separate mere memorabilia from the real groundbreakers.

Van Morrison's new *It's Too Late to Stop Now* is his first foray into the live-album field, and as such it's something of an historic event. A two-record set that spans his career all the way from "Gloria" to "Warm Love" and "St. Dominic's Preview," its retrospective value alone should in theory lend it sufficient *raison d'etre*. As an added plus, it includes almost a record's worth of previously unrecorded material, and on the atmosphere scale alone it rates a solid ten; the mood is every bit as steamy, the punctuation every bit as dramatic, as what Morrison can create in a live show. And the live feeling is further accentuated by Morrison's insistence on a no-fudging approach; he doesn't once fall back on overdubbing, so even the string section is actually there. They and the rest of Van's band play like the pros they are, and the soulful vagaries of his singing here match his best live work. All things considered, then, this ought to be a genuinely outstanding collection, in terms of both Morrison's career in particular and live albums in general.

But it isn't, even though this may be the best live album he's capable of. The very fact that Morrison is so electrifying in concert (and so much more at home on a stage than he is in a studio) makes him a poor subject for live recording. His approach is so loose, and his style so sensual, that even studio versions of his songs sound improvised; there's no such thing as a definitive version of any of them. So the live versions he offers here are not so much reinterpretations as they are new variations—no worse than the originals, but no better either; just different. It is a tribute to Morrison's intensity that all the cuts here seem to spring from a single source, that old songs fuse so smoothly with new ones in the fury of his personal style. On the other hand, his is an intensity that needs to be appreciated live, where it demands an audience's full attention and builds to its own natural crescendo. Trapped on record, his work robbed of its spontaneity, Morrison inevitably begins to sound more repetitive and homogeneous than he ever actually is. So a collection like this one has no real meaning in the context of his career. It can't add much and, since the old songs sound so contemporaneous with the new ones, this is hardly even a fair recapitulation. In the end, it adds up to one very high-class souvenir.



Van Morrison: a poor subject for live recording.

Unlike Morrison, Paul Simon had everything to gain from a good live album—and *Live Rhymin'* is so good it adds a new dimension to much of his work. Every song here is reformulated in some way, and each one emerges with an expanded potency, freed from his former delicacy and the perfectionism of his studio style. His singing is more inventive here than it's ever been, so much so that even his recent "American Tune" takes on a new poignancy. His freshness is especially apparent on numbers like "The Boxer," which is here stripped of both Garfunkel and a string section in favor of Simon's blunt phrasings and Urubamba's South American fluty whorls.

But Side One, a composite of these and other of his gentler songs, is relatively unsurprising, at least in comparison to Side Two. There, Simon uses the Jessy Dixon Singers to add a dazzlingly appropriate gospel slant to this most ambitious material, and by God he can even keep up with them. Backed by Dixon, et. al., Simon turns out updates of "Mother and Child Reunion" and "Sounds of Silence" that are rousing and tight, but it's the seven-minute "Bridge Over Troubled Water" that shapes up as the album's real stunner. He's straining here, more so than ever before, but the risk is worth it: this is the most compelling recorded version of the song I've ever heard. And that means Simon's lead outdoes not just Garfunkel, but also Aretha Franklin and Elvis Presley.

Live Rhymin' makes all the difference in the world for Paul Simon, bringing him out of the studio to establish him as both a tough, aggressive soloist and a fresh interpreter of his own songs. It does stand as a rather idyllic memento of last season's tour—I caught the show very early on, before either Simon or the Dixon Singers sounded as strong as they do here—and in that sense there's an element of the whirly flashlight to it. But it's also, like the Who's *Live at Leeds* or *James Brown Live at the Apollo*, a superb live set with a clear sense of purpose, establishing something that a studio album never could. That's what separates the landmarks from battery-powered souvenirs.

TV

The full-animation woodpecker vs. the limited globetrotter

By Stuart Werbin

Question?: Can a nine-year-old American be nostalgic. How about a nine-year-old Brazilian?

The word "nostalgic" has come to assume such broad usage that it seems to encompass anything an individual once felt and now longs for again, up to and including yesterday's breakfast. The student dictionary which I've carried since my nostalgic college days in the late '60s describes "nostalgia" as: "Homesickness or strong desire for family and friends; in severe forms, producing derangement of mental and physical functions." The word has now gained pop currency from cover stories in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Es-*

quire, et. al., plus hours of coverage on television nightly newscasts as a "craze." Although it was not causing any serious derangement of mental and physical functions, nostalgia was thought at least to be stirring the kind of tingle on society's pain/pleasure border that could be readily cashed in on. The fascination with artifacts and facsimiles of artifacts from decades of one's own past has been called a reaction to the hard realities of coping with the tense presence in which each dawn brings morning sickness for the death of a million American dreams and an epidemic of "future shock" (Alvin Toffler's modern malaise in which the subconscious realizes that the only future certainties are change and more uncertainty, and tries to keep it from the conscious) spreading like the Asian flu.

The media, and especially television (it's always especially television), is engaged in hectic competition to exploit the nation's expanding nostalgic neurosis, believing there's a gold mine in providing enough of the way we were to make us forget the way we are. Nostalgia has had its foundations stretched so far that it has become a selling point for what previously might have been considered "old hat" ideas. It's been *Happy Days* (that's the teenage '50s show that borrowed Ronnie Howard and a couple of Chevys from *American Graffiti* and its script ideas and dialogue from *The Donna Reed Show*) and *Harry Truman: The Man From Independence* this season; next season it could be *Spiro Agnew's Summer of '72*. I used to be considered too nostalgic, but now it seems like the general populace is passing me. Don't ask what direction that means they're going in; we've already wandered too far from our main subject, which is cartoons.

The increase in value of original Walt Disney Mickey Mouse and Cinderella watches, the lines at Greenwich Village's Elgin Theater's recent Fleischer Brother's *Betty Boop Retrospective*, and the Harvard and MIT students cheering wildly for Bugs Bunny, Woody Woodpecker and Popeye when their old films are shown between features at Cambridge's Orson Welles' Theater, have been lumped in with the nostalgia craze.

My thesis has long been that there is something more serious at work in the phenomenon than an exaggerated national homesickness. It bears out in the cross-examination of cartoon nostalgia, with the help of two sets of witnesses. The second set of witnesses will be Wal-

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ter and Gracie Lantz, a couple of kids approaching the third quarter century mark in life who happen to be, respectively, the creator, artist and inspiration/voice of Woody Woodpecker. The first witnesses are Jonathan and Craig Steinberg, ages 4½ and 9, who happen to live nearby.

Childhood is the time in which we develop the affections for things we can become nostalgic about later. Both Craig and Jonathan like cartoons and watch a lot of them. When asked separately to name their favorite cartoons, both said Bugs Bunny and Woody Woodpecker first. Jonathan also named somebody called "superdog," whose program I couldn't find in my listings. In fairness it should be pointed out here that Jonathan's credibility as a witness was sometimes shaky. He was watching *Zoom* on PBS when our interview began, and at the end I found him enthralled and captivated by an educational program called *Religious American*, which was showing black tenant farmers in Mississippi receiving the rights of baptism. When I asked Jonathan what he was watching, he looked at the clock and insisted it was *Mod Squad*.

Craig is older and the night before he had to do a TV review for his fourth-grade class. He panned John Denver and thus has apparently learned the value of thought and discretion. Still, it was Bugs Bunny number one on TV and Woody Woodpecker when he goes to the Loews' 86th St. on Saturday afternoon. The second best on TV is the *Addams Family*, but when I asked him if he liked the animated version better than the live actor's version (both are based on Charles Addams' dark humor creations, who have appeared for more than two decades in *The New Yorker*), Crag said it didn't make much difference either way. *The Globetrotters* are all right but Master Steinberg labeled *Jeanie*, *The Brady Bunch*, *Butch Cassidy*, *Goober* and all the other animated versions of films and TV serials, including (surprise) the animated version of *Star Trek*, collectively as "crappy." Asked to elucidate, he responded, "They're not funny. They move jerky and they're cheap."

Walter Lantz, noted among other things as the first human to appear in a cartoon (with Dinky-Doodle in the '20s), offers 50 years of practical experience to exlain Craig Steinberg's sophisticated discontent with the latest in Saturday morning animated fare. "These people have to turn out a cartoon a week, when it would take me a month. For them it's what the sponsors and the agencies demand. It's a question of cost and speed, not quality, and I'm sure the producers know that. I always knew if I was going to have a dud, even though I think I've had very few. But when I have, it's been because I was rushed to meet a deadline.

"I was asked to develop a cartoon version of Laurel and Hardy, who I thought were very funny people, but like the Globetrotters, they're funnier in real life than animated. I didn't want to do the series because I knew it would be rushed and I would have to use limited animation, which I never do. A theatrical cartoon is full animation. The character acts out in pantomime just like a human being. With feeling. Like they're alive, with a heart that beats and blood in their veins. It requires about 1,000 individual drawings for each minute of animation. Limited animation uses about a third that many drawings: 300 per minute and less. We've all had to cut back. I've had to cut back, but I've cut back in time and footage rather than in quality. When we started making Woody cartoons, they were seven minutes. Then they went down to six and now they're about 5½. But we still do between five and six thousand individual drawings for each cartoon."

The great offenders and the most successful exploiters of Saturday morning time are Joseph Hanna and William Barbara. Hanna/Barbara started doing 'Tom and Jerry" when Walter was first putting out Andy Panda and Woody. "Weren't they great," Grace smiles with animated eyes, remembering the eternal cat-and-mouse chase in full animation. "They (Hanna/Barbara) seemed to lose their creativity when they got into production lines. Get them out quick. Do it in a hurry if you can't do it well. It's like telling somebody who can't sing well to just sing loud. But college-age kids are worried about the trend. They keep asking us when the real animation is coming back. They know it's an art, and they worry that it's going to become a lost art."

There lies the crux that knocks the crutch out from under the nostalgia argument. Realization that a quality art form is being replaced by the demands of competitive breakfast cereals and dolls with moving orifices, and the demand for the former over the latter, is healthy and necessary.

"Our creations were stars," boasts Walter Lantz, with countless fans from four decades and 72 nations to back his words.

"Cuddly, mischievous, lovable stars," adds his wife, on whose personality Woody Woodpecker was based after the idea came to them on the first night of their marriage, spent with a persistent woodpecker who refused to stop playing his version of "Here Comes the Bride" on the roof of their honeymoon cottage all night.

"I treated Woody and Andy Panda and all my other characters like stars. I've never let Woody become overexposed. He only makes seven films a year, and has never made more. You take these various TV series. I don't think one of them will be around 33 years from now like Woody Woodpecker. Characters like Woody and Andy Panda and Bugs Bunny and Popeye, they'll be around in perpetuity. After I'm long gone. After we're all gone."

"Take it easy, daddy, I'm half gone this morning," smiled Gracie, followed by a fabulous "Heh heh a heh heh. Hehehehehehehe!"

Walter Lantz, who made Woody cuddly and gave him "a heart that beats and blood in his veins."

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A salute to romantic barbarism

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

Max Beerbohm once insisted that he would someday write an entire three-act play around this curtain line: "Well, I'm off to the Thirty Years' War!" Now, Max was a funny man, and that is a funny line; but there is nothing especially amusing about the spectacle of a grown man spending the best 30 years of his life in dubious battle.

Which brings us to the curious case of Second Lieutenant Hiroo Onoda, 52, of the Imperial Japanese Army. For those of you who have yourselves been hanging around caves for the past few weeks, Onoda recently emerged from a jungle redoubt on Lubang Island to surrender his sword to Philippine authorities—a scant 29 years and seven months after V-J Day. He had been fighting the good fight (mostly against Philippine police) all alone since 1972, when the last two men in his command were killed.

Everyone was touched, even Onoda's former enemies. Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos respectfully returned Onoda's sword (itself a tribute to Marcos' statecraft; given the role the Japanese military has played in his life, Marcos could scarcely have been blamed for plunging the sword through the officer's thorax).

The reactions in the U.S. were also favorable. But then, that is not so surprising in a society where loyalty and perseverance have come to mean living together or holding a job for a full calendar year. The saga of the Japanese officer recalls to the American mind not only the spirit of Valley Forge, the spunk of Barbara Fritchie, etc. Nearer to the point is this: loyalty to the Cause is a soaring phrase used by every propagandist from Dr. Goebbels (the promotion of Aryan tissue) to Mr. Whipple (the protection of Charmin tissue); the mad and the mundane. The great-great-grandfather for whom I am named bravely led his Red River County cavalry into the fire and fury of Yankee cannon in the name of keeping the darkies whuppable. So what nature the cause, and what price the loyalty?

Onoda is *the* national hero in Japan, of course. The Japanese badly needed a hero. They talk about his "dignified bearing" and "evident sincerity" and "humble mien."

Well, that's nice. After all, fanatics are people, too. I'm sure that after the workaday hurly-burly of the Inquisition, Torquemada probably was a barrel of monkeys around the *taverna.* Zealous glorification of a single combatant (or an elite unit) is a common dodge of losing countries, especially those who may be a bit embarrassed about their zeal under arms. Only winners make the big movies: ever see a wacky Japanese service comedy called *The Rape of Nanking*? Or a spry German musical titled *Make Mine Lidice*?

Hence your *Wehrmacht* reunions and your jungle holdouts. But let's take a close look at the man and his qualities—as he sees them. On arrival in Japan, he told a news conference: "I was fortunate that I could devote myself to my duty in my young and vigorous years." Asked what he thought about for 30 years, he replied: "Nothing but accomplishing my duty."

Many people find that laudable; I find it, well, plain *creepy*. Did he never dream of gauzy nights on soft grass, of love and wine? Did he never think of the child he might not have.

In *Point Counterpoint*, the finest novel of ideas in our century, Aldous Huxley applied a simple term to such devotion: non-human. Hear his spokesman, Mark Rampion, on warfare: "Think of civilized war. It's got nothing to do with spontaneous combativeness. Men have to be compelled by law then tickled up with propaganda before they'll fight." And through all the strewing of flowers and rattling of samurai sabers, it is well to remember that Onoda was trained to act as he did by the most fanatical military clique of our time.

At best, I can only feel a little sorry for a man who really did go off to a thirty years' war, and wasted the best moments of his life in a fetid cave on a lunatic ideal. If he thinks he's happy, I can hardly begrudge him that. But I dearly hope that man can someday exorcise that dark corner of his soul that is Onoda's spirit, the spirit of romantic barbarism that puts our farms and cities to the torch and propels us blindly toward the Apocalypse. ●

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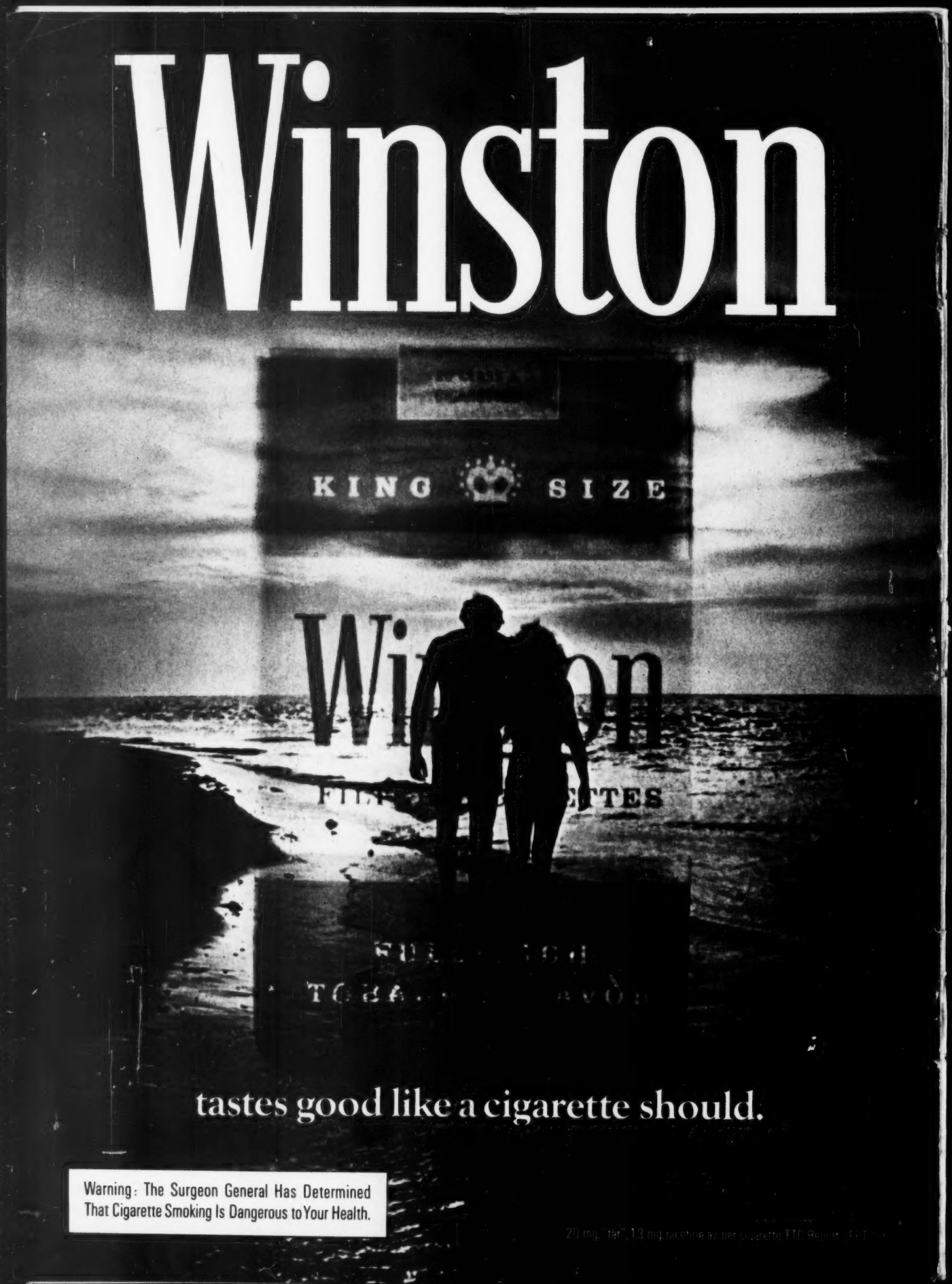
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